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Original Poetry.

THE DEPARTED ONE.

To Miss S. J. C., Frankford, Pa.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Spring came, and with it melody and mirth,
The scent of roses on the passing air,
And beauty's presence fill'd the waking earth
With visions of the hopeful and the fair.
But she departed while the breath of flowers
Came Eden like around our blissful hours,
Nor dreampt we that above the storm cloud lowers.

She was our Spring—sat on its sunny throne,
Lived in the radiance of its richest gleams,
Ruled o'er our hearts an empress all alone
Bright as the memory of our brightest dreams.
Lighting our home with smiles of tenderness,
Winning and pure as is the first caress,
A mother's love may on the wanderer press.

Around the homestead hearth her song was heard
When morning's hour awoke each sleeping rill,
Glad as the warbling of some wildwood bird
It breath'd into each heart an answering thrill
Of happy thankfulness that round our way
Was cast the sunlight of a peaceful day,
Nor one pure beam had ever gone astray.

Her step was lightest in the evening dance,
When mirth and music ruled the dewy hour,
When all the world seem'd in a blissful trance,
Nor thought we pain and misery had power
To blast with icy touch in one brief year
A heart and eye which always did appear
Free from the impress of a sigh of tear.

We left her in the bloom of health to meet
With stranger faces at a distant shrine,
To answer smiles that coldly will us greet
Where no fond heart will warmly beat to thine,
To bear within us loose thoughts wild and deep,
And mem'ries that will never, never sleep,
But round us constant watch and vigil keep.

We left her, but to meet her here no more,
Her last fond kiss still lingers on our lips,
To see her last deep look of love before
Those bright eyes sank in death's obscure eclipse;
To press her hand—to fold her to our heart,
And feel our pulses wildly, madly start,
To say farewell and part—forever part.

But not forget her—day and night around
Our distant home her spirit seem'd to bend,
Bringing us back each old familiar sound
That used in days of infancy to blend
With thoughts of her, the streamlet and the cot,
Each sunny glade, each memory haunted spot,
All, all alike can never be forgot.

All things seem'd full of her, no sound but brought
To our lone hearts some echo of the past,
And sky and sea, earth, air, and ocean caught
A portion of the hues her mem'ry cast—
O'er each bright thought that came an angel guest,
Laden'd with hopes of peacefulness and rest,
To find a home within each troubled breast.

But she departed with the Spring's first bloom,
And we were far, far from her dying bed,
Exiles from all—save from the pall of gloom
Her early fate has o'er our spirit's shed.
Withering our hopes just in their budding hour,
When life and loveliness with all their power
Seem'd cast around her like a nuptial dower.

But rest thee, sister—in thy starry home;
We will not mourn thee as a lost one now,
For often will thy watching spirit come
Like the pure breeze that bathes an aching brow,
And whisper to us as in days of old
Of scenes of beauty, and of dreams untold

W. L. B.

Original Tales.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

It is a sad thing for innocence to be linked in close bonds with guilt. Even the ties of kindred and of friendship are often strong enough to cause honest men to swerve from the path of rectitude, and to say and do what their consciences condemn, for the purpose of screening others from merited punishment. What, then, can we expect from the feebler resolution of woman, and where love is the motive!

A trial occurred some years ago in one of the Courts of Pennsylvania, in which the cruel consequences of such a connexion were sadly illustrated. The prisoner was charged with forcibly robbing the mail, and of course his life was in jeopardy. He was defended with great zeal and ability, but the proof against him was overwhelming. One of the principal witnesses for the prosecution was an accomplice, who, from his character and position, was not entitled to much credit; but on the other hand, so many corroborating circumstances had been established by respectable witnesses, that this miscreant's story was only needed to complete the chain of evidence. For this purpose, however, it was absolutely necessary, and unless he received some credit from the jury, it was evident there could be no conviction. His testimony implicated several persons who had not been suspected, and created a great deal of excitement; but it was so consistent in itself, and so strongly corroborated in many points by other witnesses, that it had evidently carried conviction to the minds of the court and jury. The prisoner's counsel exhausted all their arts of ingenuity and of intimidation, without inducing him to vary in the slightest degree from his first statement; and they felt that their cause was hopeless. The truth was that this wretched witness, whose whole life had been familiar with falsehood and crime, who had quenched the last spark of honor, and silenced the last throb of conscience (for he was no repentant sinner) in making up his mind to "turn States' Evidence," and thus save himself at the expense of his comrades, had no longer any inducement to falsehood. Truth, in this case, answered his purpose, and he well knew that truth alone was sure of being consistent; he had therefore strictly adhered to it. Such was the position of the case, when the Court adjourned until afternoon.

The prisoner was conducted to his cell, and immediately after, two of the persons who had been referred to by the witnesses as accomplices, named Harris and Jones, sought admittance. The jailor, being unacquainted with them, and relying on the strength of his walls and bolts, admitted them. As soon as they were alone, one of the visitors began, with dreadful imprecations, to threaten vengeance against their comrade who had betrayed them.

"But for his craven spirit," he exclaimed, "there would have been no dangers to you, or to him or to any of us. If I had dreamed of this, instead of being in Court to day, he should have been numbered among those who tell no tales."

"This is the last of his tales," said the other, ferociously.

"No!" said the prisoner, "he will tell one more, at least,—perhaps two; that will depend on whether you gentlemen are tried together or separately."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed both together.

"Do you suppose," said the prisoner, "that the maw of public justice, and the zeal of those who administer it will be satisfied with hanging me up by the neck? One out of half a dozen? It would be a great satisfaction to me, to be sure, if I could represent you all, and cancel your obligations as well as my own; but don't flatter yourselves with any such hope; your names have been publicly mentioned; they have you down in their books; and, you may rely upon it, as soon as they have disposed of me, they will call you both to a strict account."

"Their witness will be gone to his own account before that time," said Harris, with a grim smile.

"Yes! The balance shall be struck, and the final settlement closed between us and him this very night!" said Jones, joining in the savage merriment of his comrade.

"Not so fast," said the prisoner, "you are now excited, and talk like madmen. In the first place, you will not have the opportunity to do what you speak of, for this comrade of ours never was wanting in a careful regard for his health and safety; and in the second place, if the opportunity should offer, and your present fury continue, it would only be shortening your road to the platform which you will have to mount soon enough, as it is. Come, this will never do. Swindling, stealing, robbing the mail—I have become reconciled to all these; but I still abhor murder in all its forms. You may hide a purse and destroy a mail-bag, but human blood will cry up from the very ground against you."

"But to say nothing of vengeance," said the others, "our safety, by your own showing, requires us to close his mouth."

"There is a better way of proceeding," said the prisoner; "destroy his credibility, and you save yourselves and me too."

"I am willing," said Harris, "to join in any desperate plan of rescue that you may devise; but as to preventing your conviction to-morrow, it cannot be done."

"No," said the other, "I never saw a man bound tighter than they have got you."

"Listen to me," said the prisoner. "If I am convicted, your arrests will follow as a matter of course. The same testimony will be produced against you, and with the same result. But, suppose I should be acquitted! The credit of their principal witness will then be destroyed, and they will pursue the subject no further. By acquitting me, therefore, you will be saving yourselves."

"If my safety depended on that," said Harris, "I should consider my lease of life pretty near run out."

"Explain what you would have us to do," said Jones.

"The name of Duncan," said the prisoner, "was mentioned to-day, as well as your's. He is not here, but his wife is. Through her I may yet be acquitted, and your safety secured."

"Explain yourself."

"The witness stated that Duncan was here, and took part with us on the night of the 10th of November, 18—, about two years ago. Now, Duncan has often been from home for months at a time, and his wife must swear that he was absent at that period on a journey. Let this be done at the last moment of the trial; no one here will be able to contradict her; our old comrade's credit as a witness will be destroyed; I shall be acquitted, and you will be released from all farther apprehensions."

"The idea is ingenious," said Harris, "but there is one small difficulty in the way; I know this lady, and a purer and more innocent being does not exist. She never will agree to make such a statement, for Duncan was here, and she knows it."

"It is precisely because she is pure and innocent, and a devoted wife," said the prisoner, "that she will do it."

"She knows nothing of her husband's pranks, and will refuse to give credit to the story," said Harris.

"It will be for you and Jones to convince her of its truth," said the prisoner. "She has known us all as friends and companions of her husband, and no doubt had a good opinion of our morality and virtue as well as of his. Yet here am I on trial for my life, and in imminent danger of being convicted. The same witness that accuses me, accuses her husband. This much she *must* believe, and the rest will depend on your skill in negotiating. You have not been deficient on other occasions, and as our lives depend on your success here, I am not afraid that your wits will be duller than usual. With prudent management success is certain. *She loves her husband;* and who ever heard of a woman deserting the man she loved in an hour of need?"

"I do not like the task," said Harris, "I can overreach a man without scruple; but to drive this innocent woman to the commission of perjury by abusing her holiest affections, is what I never expected to come to. However, the case is urgent. In great emergencies it is necessary to overcome small scruples. I undertake what you wish, and you shall have no cause to complain of my management."

* * * * * * *

Shortly after Harris and Jones went to the house of Duncan, whose unfortunate wife, as beautiful in person as she was pure in heart, received them with great cordiality as old friends, for she was entirely unacquainted with the circumstances which we have been relating. Harris soon entered upon his infamous project by giving an account of the trial which had been going on during the day. Mrs. Duncan expressed infinite surprise when she heard the name of the prisoner. But she was sure the charge was unfounded, and that he would be honorably acquitted.

"On the contrary, madam," said Harris, "the charge is very clearly proved, and the universal opinion is that he will be found guilty."

"Surely that is not your opinion; you knew him, and you do not believe him guilty of this crime."

"Madam," said Harris, "I have here the notes of one of the counsel, which will explain every thing."

He then read from these notes, (which he had borrowed for the purpose of corroborating his own statements,) certain parts which appeared to leave no doubt of the prisoner's guilt. Mrs. Duncan reiterated her expressions of astonishment, but no longer doubted the truth of the charge.

"I am sorry to add, madam," continued Harris, "that there is another part of this affair which concerns you and us still more nearly." He then read from the notes that part of the testimony which implicated themselves and Duncan.

"Now, I see," said Mrs. Duncan, "that this whole story is a fabrication. Surely your characters, and that of my husband, will be a sufficient answer to it."

"Madam," said Harris, drawing his seat closer to hers, and lowering his voice to a solemn whisper, "I am extremely sorry to say any thing that may alarm you, or wound your feelings. But you must summon up all your resolution, for it is necessary that you should hear and understand me. You do not believe that your husband, or that we could ever have committed this infamous crime. You do us no more than justice. Morally we are as innocent as yourself. But a freak of folly has placed us all in a dangerous position. I will explain. On the night mentioned by these witnesses, your husband, Mr. Jones, myself, and one or two others, had assembled to make merry over some political news which had just reached us. We drank freely,—too much so, I am sorry to say,—and were in a high state of excitement, when some one proposed, as it was late, and we were not in a condition to return home, that we take a walk. We did so. The night was dark, and, just as we entered the woods at the end of the lane, we heard the stage coming. Who proposed it, or what possessed us to do it, I cannot tell; but in this drunken frolic we stopped the stage, and robbed the passengers and the mail. When we recovered our senses we were greatly alarmed at what we had done. We disposed of the property we had taken in such a way that it was all returned to its owners. Two years have passed, and we thought our secret safe, when we heard it revealed, to-day, in a shape a thousand times more dangerous than the truth."

It would be impossible to express the anguish which wrung this noble woman's heart, as Harris made this terrible explanation; which, however, was not half so terrible as the truth.

"I well remember that night," she muttered to herself; "my husband's coming home at day-light in the morning, his strange wild and excited look, his bleeding wound, and his injunction of secrecy. But his explanation seemed reasonable; I believed it; and had long banished the circumstance from my thoughts. "But disgraceful as your situation is," she continued, addressing Harris, "surely it can not be dangerous. When all is understood, though every body must blame you, they will hardly think you deserve any very serious punishment."

"If all could be understood" replied Harris, "there would be no danger: but there lies the difficulty. What credit will be given to the statements of those who are accused? Besides, one of our company, as you see from these notes of testimony, a mean, cowardly wretch, has become frightened; in the hope of saving himself he has given a false account of the whole affair, and turned it into a serious robbery; the public, and, what is of more importance, the Court and Jury believe it to have been such, and we have no means of showing the truth."

At these words Mrs. Duncan sunk back upon the sofa on which she had been setting, and buried her face in her hands. Her heart beat violently; her brain was on fire; and it seemed for a moment as if she was about to find refuge from her grief in total insensibility. But the emotions of love stirred in her heart even at that awful moment, and recalled her to a consciousness of her true situation. The prisoner had been right: it is *not* in woman's nature to desert the man she loves in the hour of need. In a moment she became calm and rose from her seat.

"Why do you torture me," she exclaimed, "with these dreadful recitals, without proposing any mode of escape, or offering one word of consolation? If such dangers are hanging over your heads, why do you linger here! Learn from a woman how to ACT. The world is surely wide enough to furnish you a place of refuge: escape then, while you are yet free. For my own part, my resolution is taken, and this very hour I commence my preparations. To-morrow will see me on my way to join my husband; and in some corner of the world we will yet enjoy safety and happiness."

Harris was not a little disconcerted at this sudden and bold resolution; but he had a ready invention, and he employed it, in this emergency, with cruel effect.

"Undoubtedly what you propose would be the best," he said, "if it were possible to execute it. But it is too late. We are no longer free, but are under heavy bonds to appear at Court; and this very morning an officer was sent with a warrant to arrest your husband. Before you could reach him, he will be on his way here a prisoner."

"Then we are all lost!" she exclaimed, sinking again upon the sofa, and sobbing aloud.

When the first paroxysm of her grief was over, Harris again addressed her.

"There is one mode of escape, and one only, for us all."

"For mercy sake then tell me what it is," she exclaimed, convulsively; "you have broken my heart with cruel words already. Give me some ground for hope; form some plan; tell me what I can do; forget what I have said, but advise, and direct me. Oh, Mr. Harris," she continued, in the simplicity of her nature, "I can apply to no one but you for help: pity me, then, and do not forsake me!"

"You may trust every thing to me," said Harris, in a soothing tone. "I pledge myself, as I value my own life, to do all in my power to promote your comfort, and your husband's safety. There is one way of escape, as I have said, and one only. You alone have the power to save us."

"I! Then tell me quickly how it can be done. Never fear my courage: I was weak only when I lost all hope."

"It will be imposing on you an unpleasant duty," continued Harris, "and if there was any other help for us I would not ask you to do it. But as your motives will be pure, and the consequences, to save innocent men from an unjust punishment, what would otherwise be wrong, becomes under these circumstances, an act of heroic virtue. The witness who now accuses us, as I have said already, was with us when this transaction occurred. Without his testimony there would be no danger to any of us. If, therefore, we can destroy his credit, and have the prisoner who is now on trial acquitted, all danger will be over. Now he has stated distinctly that your husband was here on the night of the tenth of November 18—; we must prove that he was several hundred miles away; this contradiction properly established, is all we want."

"But he was here," said Mrs. Duncan, wholly unconscious of Harris's aim, "he had returned several weeks before."

"Then you remember that he was absent about that time. You must shift the date of his return, and swear that he was absent on the night of the tenth of November. This is our only hope."

At this open proposition to commit perjury all the honest indignation of her heart was roused.

"And do you ask me to do this?" she exclaimed. "Is this the act of heroic virtue which I am to perform? Why you, yourselves can plead, that if you committed a crime, it was in the madness of a drunken revel. But the crime which you propose to me would be wilful and deliberate. It would bring upon me what you need not feel, the *stings* of a guilty conscience; and forfeit forever, what you may yet hope to obtain, the mercy of Heaven. Providence will open up some way to make known your innocence; but, if we involve ourselves in this new guilt, he will certainly abandon us to our fate."

"You consider the matter too seriously, madam," said Harris; "remember, that we are only trying to oppose an infamous wretch, who has sworn falsely against us. If he is believed—and unless you contradict him he will be believed—then your husband's life as well as ours will be sacrificed."

A flood of tears came to her relief; and while she was thus weeping her little boy came in, and, climbing into his mother's lap, lisped in her ear,

"Don't cry, mother, papa will soon come home."

Clasping her child convulsively in her arms, she was agitated by a thousand contending emotions.

"Alas, poor boy!" she murmured, "you will soon have no father."

Harris could endure this scene no longer; his heart relented from its purpose, and he rose to withdraw.

"Stay!" cried Mrs. Duncan, wild with excitement; "have you nothing else to propose?"

"I know of no remedy but that which I have mentioned," replied Harris. "We have considered the question in every light, and nothing else can save us."

"When will it be necessary to offer this proof?"

"To-morrow morning at eight o'clock."

"Then come to me in the morning; I cannot answer you now; my brain is bewildered; in the morning you shall know my resolution."

* * * * * *

Meanwhile the court had resumed its session, and the trial was progressing. But little effort at a defence was made except on the subject of character. A number of highly respectable witnesses were called, who testified to the hitherto irreproachable character of the prisoner; and as the investigation had already taken a wide range, they spoke also of the characters of those who had been accused, but were not on trial. Every one spoke in the highest terms of Duncan, as a highly honorable man, and most excellent citizen. His wife also was referred to as a most interesting and excellent woman, distinguished for her piety and benevolence. One venerable old gentleman in particular, who was her own neighbor, described her as a woman adorned with all the virtues of her sex. He worshipped at the same altar with her; he had heard a thousand blessings invoked upon her head by the neighboring poor, for acts of unostentatious charity; he had observed her at her own fireside, surrounded by her family; and in these relations of Christian, neighbor, wife, and mother, he considered her an example worthy of all imitation.

The testimony was at length closed, and the court adjourned until the following morning.

* * * * * * *

On the departure of Harris and Jones, Mrs. Duncan had retired to her chamber to indulge her grief, and consider what course she ought to pursue. When she raised her thoughts to Heaven in prayer for direction, the still small voice of conscience whispered that she must not do evil, even that good may come; but when she thought of her husband, and looked upon her children, the voice of conscience was no longer heard, amidst the tumultuous emotions of her heart. In this state of agitation and irresolution she remained until the following morning, when the post boy appeared and handed her a letter. Instantly recognizing the hand-writing of her husband, she eagerly tore open the seal. The contents were mysterious and alarming. He spoke of difficulties and dangers; of the impossibility of his returning for some years at least; and enjoined it upon her to come with her children immediately to where he was; to pretend that he was sick, or make any excuse she pleased, or for a temporary absence, but to make all her arrangements to leave finally.

It was clear enough from this that he had been informed of the arrest of the prisoner who was now on trial, and expected to be implicated himself. The story of Harris seemed thus to be confirmed, and the danger as great as he had represented it. Her heart sank within her when she remembered his statement that an officer had already been sent to arrest her husband.

"It is too late," she exclaimed, "to follow his instructions. There is only one mode of escape. Why, then, do I hesitate? I will be committing a great crime, but Heaven is my witness, that I do it not willingly, but to save my husband and my children."

Harris came soon after, and found her calm and ready to accompany him.

"I will go with you, and do what you require," were her only words.

On their way to the Court House, Harris instructed her what to say, and how to conduct herself. When they arrived, they found that the counsel were already arguing the cause before the jury; but application was immediately made for permission to examine this new witness. It was strongly objected to.

"The witness comes too late," said the counsel for the prosecution. "Why was she not produced at the proper time? We should then have had an opportunity to inquire into her character; but now the investigation has been regularly closed, and I protest against its being re-opened."

"This is the lady who was spoken of yesterdy," replied the counsel for the prisoner; "the wife of Mr. Duncan; and after what was then said of her, I hope the counsel will spare the discussion of character. We could not procure her attendance sooner; but she comes now in her husband's absence, to disprove the infamous charges which have been made against him. The only object of this trial is to ascertain the truth; will your Honor, then, exclude such a witness as this merely because she does not come forward strictly in time?"

"It will be an irregularity to admit the witness," said the judge; "but as both parties have had great latitude already, we are not disposed now to shut out any light that can be thrown upon this extraordinary case. We do not intend to re-open the investigation generally, but, considering the character of the witness, as it has been proved, and as we ourselves know it, she may be asked merely as to the presence or absence of her husband, at the time referred to."

Mrs. Duncan was then sworn and asked whether her husband was at home on the 10th of November, 18—. In a calm firm voice she answered:

"He was not. He left home in the latter part of the summer of that year, on business which called him to New Orleans, and did not return until the last day of November."

"How can you be so certain about the dates, madam," inquired the counsel for the prosecution.

"I have this morning referred to some memorandums which I made during Mr. Duncan's absence, and immediately after his return."

"Can you not produce these memorandums?"

"They are of a private nature, sir, and I would rather you would excuse me," she answered, without betraying the alarm she began to feel.

"Have you referred to them so carefully," interposed the Judge, "that you can speak positively as to the absence of your husband on the 10th of November, 18—?"

"I have sir. And from many other circumstances I am positive that he was absent during the whole month of November in that year."

The witness by whom Duncan had been accused here, wrote a few words on a slip of paper and handed it to the counsel for the prosecution. The latter glanced over it, and then gave it to an officer, who disappeared. Mrs. Duncan was allowed to resume her seat, when a gentleman who was well known rose from among the crowd and said that he knew something about the absence of Mr. Duncan if the court chose to hear it. He was sworn, and stated that Mr. Duncan had transacted business for him in New Orleans in the fall of the year referred to. He was not certain at what time he returned, but remembered distinctly that he was absent for several months.

No one now doubted that Duncan had been falsely accused. The principal witness for the prosecution had been contradicted in one of his main statements; and the rest of his testimony had thus become worthless. A pause ensued during which every one was silently meditating on what had just happened. The prisoner was exulting in the success of his scheme; his counsel (who was ignorant of the means which had been employed) was thinking of the advantages to himself of acquitting his client; the counsel for the prosecution was considering whether he should not abandon the cause; the judge was reflecting on the dangerous character of the testimony of accomplices; and the jury were thanking their stars that they had not been betrayed into the conviction of an innocent man.

At this moment the officer returned, and with him came a well known and highly respectable merchant carrying an account book under his arm. The counsel for the prosecution asked permission to have the latter sworn as a witness, which was granted. He was then asked if had had any dealings with Mr. Duncan in the fall of 18—.

"I had, sir."

"Have you any means of telling at what time he returned home that fall, from his journey to New Orleans?"

"I had dealings with him soon after his return, and, several weeks after, we had a general settlement, which is here entered upon my book, and bears his signature as well as my own."

"What is the date of that settlement?"

Every man in the court room held his breath to catch the answer, which was,

"The tenth day of November."

As if a sudden clap of thunder had burst upon them, the anxious listeners recoiled before these words. It was impossible to doubt it, and yet the mind could not endure to believe it;—this most interesting and admirable woman, whose whole life had been spent in virtuous and charitable deeds, had come forward and sacrificed her own innocence, to save her guilty husband. At length the stern voice of the Judge was heard:

"Come, gentlemen, let us put an end to these interruptions. Go on with the argument!"

These words, and still more the tone in which they were spoken, smote, like the knell of death, upon Mrs. Duncan's ear. Sobbing hysterically, she cried aloud:

"Then, he is lost! Oh, why did you make me do this? You told me it would save him!—but you deceived me!—I have born false witness!—stained my own soul with crime!—and my husband is not saved!"

They bore her from the court room, blighted in body and in spirit. More than one rugged juryman brushed a tear from his cheek: the counsel leaned in silence over their table: and the Judge paused long before he ventured to trust his voice.

* * * * * *

It is needless to say that the prisoner was convicted; the more readily on account of the infamous means he had employed to defend himself.

Mrs. Duncan soon after disappeared with her children. It is believed she went to join her husband. To what corner of the world they have withdrawn; or whether she enjoys happiness as well as safety, we cannot tell. No doubt her crime was inflicted on her, as she foresaw the sting of a guilty conscience; but let us hope that her other apprehension of forfeiting forever the mercy of Heaven, will not be realized.

From the Monthlies.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

SINECURES; Or, Parson Thacher's Day.

BY C. M. KIRKLAND.

The Reverend Sydney Smith makes himself exceedingly merry with the claims which he declares to be habitual among the clergy of his country, to the character of persecuted saints—members of the Church militant—called to suffer for the faith. He says such expressions had always been very puzzling to him, until he recollected that no fewer than eight hundred clergymen of the Church of England, had within a few years, been prosecuted for *non residence*. So that the interpretation seemed to be that the reverend gentleman had made a slight mistake between being *persecuted* for doing their duty, and being *prosecuted* for not doing it.

This spark from the anvil of the doughty old Smith, who has given such trip-hammer blows to our sins of repudiation, brought to mind a story which was told in my hearing once, by a friend who remembers every thing that has been said and done in New England since Miles Standish's time—an *old* friend of course. Not a name—not a date—not a place of residence—not a family connection—no root or branch of tree genealogical, is ever wanting in these narratives. And, what is singular, even that rare ingredient, truth, the desideratum in a reminiscence, is always present to give zest to the whole, so that one need never be afraid to give, *suppericulo*, any of Miss ———'s stories, even in presence of an ecclesiastical court.

The little story I am about to tell is at fourth hand, yet none the less worthy of credence. It refers to the only sinecure known to New England, and we shall take leave to call it

PARSON THACHER'S DAY.

"When my brother E. was a little boy," said Miss ———, "his health was delicate, and he was sent into the country to school, and there boarded at a great old farm-house, one in the real old New England style, of which few specimens now remain. Here in the first cold weather of autumn, the family congregated about the kitchen fire, so as not to disturb the flower pots which still ornamented the hearth of the keeping-room. The young student from Boston was accommodated, on one side of the fire, with a little stand on which was placed a tall iron candlestick, bearing a dipt candle with a wick an inch long, for the furtherance of his studies. Not being much inspired by the book under these circumstances, E. was went to listen to the talk of an ancient dame who sat with a perennial fountain of knitting-work in a high-backed chair on the opposite side of the fire, bestowing various hints and cautions upon a young clergyman lately ordained, and hoping he would be "kerried through," all the work that was before him in the ministry of that parish.

The young clergyman, city bred and only a guest at the farm-house, listened with deference and replied very satisfactorily to most of the old lady's remarks; but he could not be made to understand very clearly in what particulars he was likely to find his position more than usually difficult. He did not seem to doubt that he should be "kerried through," though he said so very modestly.

"Humph!" said the old lady, taking a spare knitting needle from her work and passing it gently under her cap with a reflective air.

"Did you ever hear about Parson Thacher's day, Mr. Z——? My mother could remember Parson Thacher, though he died in 1727. He was a man that had been to school and then to college in this country; and that wasn't enough, but he must be sent to the old country, (it was the custom in *them days*,) yes, to Leyden, where he studied for the ministry, and not only that, but learned medicine and surgery, and not content with that, studied law besides."

Mr. Z—— began to open his eyes at this enumeration of his predecessor's accomplishments.

"Yes," continued the good lady, "and besides, he was a good mechanic, so that he could use almost any tool. Well, he came back, and settled in this town and married Theodosia Fa., and she made him a good wife, and they lived very comfortably in their plain way."

"But," said the young clergyman, who, being fresh from college, was the least in the world priggish, "I can scarcely see how Mr. Thacher's European acquirements were necessary to fit him for such a position."

"Humph!" said the old lady again, "stay till I tell you my story. One Monday morning parson Thacher said to his wife, "I've engaged to go to D—— to preach an ordination sermon, on Wednesday, and I must set out to-morrow; so *this* day I must have entirely for my study, and you must not allow me to be interrupted for *any* thing short of life or death." So Mrs. Thacher promised, and the good parson went thoughtfully up stairs to prepare his sermon.

He was scarcely seated when a woman of the neighborhood came in, almost breathless, anxiously enquiring for Mr. Thacher.

"He is in his study, and cannot be disturbed on any account."

"Oh dear!" says the poor woman, "I don't know what I shall do, then, for our best cow's very sick, and nobody can't do nothing to help her. We've had Loren, the cow-doctor and he can't tell what's the matter with her. What *will* become of us if we lose her?" Now Mrs. Thacher felt so bad to think the woman must lose her cow, that she e'en ventured up stairs and knocked at her husband's door.

"Wife, you know I told you I *couldn't*——"

"Yes, but poor Mrs. Trimbley——" and then she told all about the cow, and tried to persuade the parson to go at once. This he said was out of the question; but he would certainly call after dinner, as he was obliged to pass by Mr. Trimbley's to go to a raising, where he had promised to make a prayer. So the poor woman went home very much comforted to think that parson Thacher would come at all, so great was her opinion of his skill. She had hardly shut the gate, when another neighbor came in as flurried and out of breath a Mrs. Trimbley; hardly remembering to say "how d'ye do?" before she cried out "Where is Mr. Thacher?"

"My husband's in his study, and *cannot* be ——"

"Oh, run up, do, Mrs. Thacher, and tell him that Mr. Vose and Mr. Hunt have had an awful quarrel again, and Mr. Vose says he'll go right off to Boston and employ lawyer Gridley," (a pretty awful threat in those days!) "for he won't put up with ill usage any longer."

This frightened Mrs. Thacher dreadfully, to think a quarrel should get to such a length in the neighborhood. So knowing her husband's powers as a peace-maker, she went up to his study-door once more.

"What *is* the matter now, wife?" said parson Thacher.

"Oh! a dreadful quarrel," and so forth, repeating all the threats and hard speeches, and begging her husband to interfere without delay.

"Well, I can't possibly go now, but send word to Mr. Vose not to go to Boston till he has seen ME. I will call after dinner, as I go to the raising."

This pacified the messenger, and the parson went on with about the "fourthly" of his ordination sermon.

Presently a violent rapping with a heavy end of a whip was heard at the door, and a farmer from some distance off, inquired for Mr. Thacher. Mrs. Thacher repeated the old excuse, but the farmer was not to be put off so easily. He insisted on the minister's wife going up and telling her husband that a man was below who *must* see him, being in great trouble and wanting immediate help. Upon this, with many groans, the parson at length came down and learned that the man's axletree had broken under a load of potash-kettles and he could do nothing without help.

"The only thing to be done," said parson Thacher, "is to make another axletree just like that. Go to my shed; there you will find a box of tools. Cut down a young hickory, make your axletree, and when it's ready, I'll come and help you to put in."

And then the parson turned to go up stairs, again, but Mrs. Thacher told him the dinner was ready to take up, and would be on the table in a minute. So he sat down to dinner, when that was finished, it was quite time to go to the raising. On the way he remembered the sick cow. He found the poor cow in great pain, and several of the neighbors standing round looking at her.

"Have you tried this, and this, and such another thing?"

"Yes, but nothing does any good!"

And then parson Thacher, with all his Leyden learning went close up to the cow, and examined her all over.

"Make beef of her while you can, Mrs. Trimbley," said he, "for her leg is broken and there is nothing else to be done."

And so he jogged on to the scene of the quarrel. There he found Mr. Vose in a towering passion, declaring he would go yet to Boston for squire Gridley, although he had waited out of respect for the pastor.

"What is the difficulty this time?" said parson Thacher.

"Oh, the old thing over again. His cows have been in my corn and I know they were turned in on purpose, and I'm determined if it costs me every——"

"Send for Mr. Hunt!" said parson Thacher, and Mr. Hunt came. After some parley and hard things said on both sides, the parson asked:

"What may be the damage in money?"

"About *two pistareens*," says Mr. Vose.

"Well, you won't object to paying that, neighbor Hunt?" said the pastor.

"Why—no—" said Mr. Hunt; and after a friendly exhortation, the parson went on his way at a brisk trot, fearing to be late at the raising. Here he found all in commotion, and as soon as he appeared, his name was called out by a dozen at once. A man had fallen off the timbers and was taken up for dead. "But here is parson Thacher," said they. And the parson felt the man's pulse, said he was not dead, called for bandages, drew out a lancet, bled him, and in a short time signs of life appeared. All was soon over and the man recovered. The raising went on; the minister made his prayer and then set off for home, knowing he had the ordination sermon yet to finish. As he came past Hunt's, he found the man waiting at the gate for him.

"Mr. Thacher," says he, "you've saved me from an ugly quarrel and thank you for it. My wife wants you to accept of a leg a bacon of her own curing, and if you'll wait a minute, I'll step in and get it, and put in your saddle-bags."

So the bacon was brought and it took some little time to get it into the saddle-bags, but sermon or no sermon such a present must not be refused. And parson Thacher trotted on, hoping supper would be ready when he got home. He had to pass Vose's door too, and Vose who was busy with something in the yard, looked up and saw the minister and stopped him, that he might thank him for his friendly office in the quarrel. While they were talking, Mr. Thacher said:

"Mr. Vose, may I trouble you to hand me up a good big stone, to put in the other side of my saddle-bags, for Mrs. Hunt has given me a leg of bacon that weighs them down unequally, and causes them to slip."

"Not I, indeed, parson Thacher," says Vose; "I'll give you no stone; but my wife has got some nice cheeses, and if you'll wait just one minute, I'll step in to get one to balance your saddle-bags."

The cheese was forthcoming in a moment and stowed away, and parson Thacher cheruped on his horse and soon saw home. But at the gate he was met by his wife with a troubled countenance.

"Here are Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Wales come to stay all night, to go with you to-morrow to the ordination, and I've nothing in the world for supper but some eggs."

"Don't be troubled, my dear," said parson Thacher, and with that he pulled the ham and the cheese out of the saddle-bags, and was about to step in to welcome his friends, when the man of the axle-tree boarded him, seemingly a good deal out of patience.

"Why parson Thacher, you've staid so long that it's too late for me to go to-night. There was nobody else here that could help me, and so here I am."

"Well never mind, neighbor, you can sleep here and go on in the morning."

"Ay, but I must be ready to start before day," said the farmer, "and the axle-tree has got to be mended to-night."

Mr. Thacher saw there was nothing for it but to help the poor man after his own fashion; so he called for the lantern, put up his horse, helped the man in with the axle-tree, ate his supper, performed the family devotions, saw all his guests safely stowed away for the night, and then sat down and finished his ordination sermon. And so ended parson Thacher's Day."

The old lady looked at the young clergyman, but he did not speak. He wore a very sad countenance, and very soon taking up his tall iron candlestick, went musingly to bed.

Qu. What would the eight hundred persecuted clergymen, or even the reverend Sydney himself think of a New England sinecure?

Spanish Life.

EL COLL DE BALAGUER.

A Modern Catalonian Story.

FROM CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

The road from Barcelona to Valencia passes over the skirt of a cordillera, or mountain ridge, known by the name of El Coll de Balaguer. This road is edged by the sea on one side, and the Coll on the other; and at one point especially, where there is an elbow or short turn, there are several enormous blocks of stone, which appear to have become detached from the main rock, and to have lodged in situations exactly suitable for the concealment of banditti, and affording facilities for pouncing upon the unsuspecting travellers from the narrow passages by which they are separated.

Between the years 1828 and 1831, several robberies and assassinations had been perpetrated close to this spot; and six rude crosses, erected within a very short distance of each other, were sad mementos of the fact. All these murders had been accompanied by circumstances marked by a singular similarity. The first victim who perished in this dreaded neighborhood, was a rich merchant who was travelling from Lérida to Tortosa. It was supposed that, having had occasion to transact business in places out of the direct road, he had branched off, and had joined the Barcelona route near the Coll de Balaguer. He was seen one afternoon, riding along on his mule in that direction, and early on the following morning a mendicant friar found his dead body, bathed in blood. A bullet had struck him in the forehead, just between the eyes. His money and other light valuables were gone; but the assassin appeared to have disdained to take any other part of his property, for his mule was quietly cropping the scanty grass a short distance off, and the little portmanteau was still strapped on the crupper pad. A remarkable as well as unaccountable circumstance attending this catastrophe was, that a roughly-fashioned wooden cross had been placed in the clasped hands of the murdered merchant. The most prompt and diligent steps were taken, under the direction of the authorities, for the discovery of the assassin, but without effect.

Seven months afterwards, on the eve of the festival of San Hilarion, in the month of October, a dealer—who had been to Barcelona to dispose of a large quantity of Segovia wool, and who was on his way to Murcia with a considerable sum of money in his possession—was robbed and murdered near the Coll de Balaguer; and about the middle of the following year, Don Andreas Escoriasa, a manufacturer of fire-arms, was found dead in the same place.

In February, 1830, a pedlar named Zoannefer, who had been selling his wares in different parts of the country, commencing his traffic in Navarre, and ending in Catalonia, when on his road from Barcelona to Tortosa, in order to return to the north by one of the passage-boats which ascend the Ebro, was also killed by a bullet near the fatal spot; and eight days before the festival of Todos los Santos, or all-Saints, in the same year, Antonia P. Dirba, a contrabandista, and also a great sportsman, who had that very morning succeeded in smuggling a cargo of French tobacco on that part of the coast, was assassinated, evidently without having an opportunity of defending himself; for the *trabuto* or blunderbuss with which he was armed, was still loaded and lying beside his corpse.

In January, 1831, the dead body of a person named Nervas y Alaves, who had been selling a lot of liquorice juice at Tortosa, was discovered at El Coll de Balaguer.

These six victims had all been rifled of their money alone, and all had been mortally struck with equal good aim by a single bullet. Moreover, each was found with a rough wooden cross fixed in his lifeless hands.

The Coll de Balaguer became, as may naturally be supposed, the terror of travellers, as well as of the surrounding country, in consequence of these murderous waylayings; and few persons had the hardihood to travel by that route, unless they were numerously and stoutly accompanied. Many, whose affairs called them from Barcelona to Tortosa and Valencia, diverged from the high road, and willingly encountered the toil and inconvenience of making a circuit of several leagues over rugged paths, regaining that high road at a safe distance from the dreaded Coll de Balaguer.

Some goat-herds, who had occasionally conducted their flocks to browse upon the mountain herbage near the spot, declared that they had found some faded flowers which had been deposited by an unknown hand at the foot of each of the six wooden crosses which marked the burial places of the murdered travellers, and they went so far as to add, that at sunset they had more than once descried a tall figure enveloped in a cloak gliding along until it arrived close to the crosses, when it sank on its knees, and appeared absorbed in prayer; but that upon their approach, it suddenly vanished. They also imagined that they had occasionally heard doleful groans and sobs, apparently proceeding from some person in grief or suffering, at the foot of the Coll. Under these mysterious circumstances, he would have been a bold man who would venture to pass that spot alone after nightfall.

A few years antecedent to these startling events, a person named Venceslas Uriarte took up his residence in the environs of Tortosa. He was not a Catalonian, and his previous history was unknown in those parts. It was rumored, however, that before the revolution of 1822, when the Inquisition was abolished, he had been *alcayde*, or jailor, in some prison belonging to that dread tribunal. According to his own account, he had served in what was called the Army of the Faith, a body of implacable fanatics, who hesitated at no means, however astute or cruel, to endeavor to perpetuate a system which had been for ages the bane of domestic felicity, the curb to rising intelligence, and the festerer of the most evil passions.

That baleful system having at length been resisted in the most determined manner by the mass of the Spanish people, the majority of its agents and abettors had either fallen in the various encounters between the constitutional forces and those of the Army of the Faith, or had emigrated to France, Italy and other countries, whilst considerable numbers dispersed themselves in various parts of Spain, where they were generally regarded with suspicion and hatred, not unmingled with fear, in spite of their prostrate position; for they bore the indelible stamp of beings who had been in the habit of perpetrating crimes of the very deepest dye, either in the dungeons of the Inquisition, where none but the monsters in human form who tortured their victims in secret could hear their shrieks for mercy; or in districts which the Army of the Faith had under its domination, persecuting and castigating those whose words, actions, or even looks, could be so distorted or misinterpreted as to be made the groundwork of a suspicion.

This Venceslas Uriate's habits were expensive; but the source whence he drew his pecuniary supplies was unknown; and although he practiced all the outward forms of religion with scrupulous exactitude, and had, on that account, gained a certain reputation for piety in some quarters, he was generally looked upon as a dangerous person. Strange and ominous expressions, fearfully indicating that he was familiar with crime, escaped his lips in unguarded moments; and he gave way occasionally to the most furious bursts of passion in altercations with his associates, his vengeful glances causing the bystanders to tremble lest he should put an end to the dispute in some violent and tragical manner. Nor were their fears groundless, although the fatal blow might not be struck in their presence. The following instances are characteristic of the man:

Some one having asked him how it was that being so excellent a shot, he so seldom went out for a day's sport, his reply was: "To find a hare, it is necessary to undergo fatigue. Then, if you shoot it, you must run some little distance to pick it up; and you must afterwards walk a long way if you wish to sell it. 'Tis much better to wait for a man; he comes of his own accord; and when you have killed him, all you have to do is to ransack his *alforjas*." [saddle-bags.]

One day, however, he went to shoot wildfowl in company with Antonio P. Dirba, the contrabandista, to Los Alfaques, which are a cluster of small islands or banks near the mouth of the Ebro, thickly overgrown with tall reeds, and which afford shelter to great numbers of wild ducks and flamingoes. At the close of their day's sport, they entered a fisherman's hut in search of refreshment; but all they could obtain was a salad, cut into very small pieces, and, as is the custom in Catalonia, swimming in a profusion of liquid *caldo*, composed of water, oil, and vinegar.

Antonio, in helping his companion to some caldo, used rather clumsily the roughly-fashioned wooden spoon which the fisherman had produced; for though he seemed to be ladling out the caldo, he in reality transferred scarcely any to his companion's plate; and Venceslas insisted that he turned the spoon the wrong way upwards, and that he was stupidly trying to take up the caldo with the convex side of the spoon. Antonio maintained that he was using the hollow part, and out of this trifling matter a most violent quarrel arose. And yet, as is the case with regard to many other serious quarrels, the origin thereof was not only insignificant, but groundless; for a person who accidentally came into the fisherman's hut, and to whom the matter was referred, declared, on the first glance at the object in dispute, that both sides of the spoon were alike, that is, nearly flat.

Three days after this absurd contention between Venceslas Uriarte and poor Antonio P. Dirba, the latter was found lying dead, with a rude wooden cross in his stiffened hands, near the Coll de Balaguer.

During Lent, in the year 1832, a troop of strolling players had been performing with great success at Tarragona one of those *Autos Sacramentales*, or sacred plays, which excite great interest among the Spanish people, inasmuch as they are living representations, displayed with great exactness, aided by scenic illusions, of some of the most remarkable and exciting events recorded in the sacred writings; the martyrdom of saints being frequently represented on the stage apparently in all their horrible reality. The auto sacramental which the company had enacted with so much éclat at Tarragona was, The Beheading of St. John the Baptist; and in the hope of meeting with equal good fortune at Tortosa, they departed early one morning from Tarragona by the high road which passes by the Coll de Balaguer.

The baggage, wardrobe, and other theatrical equipments of the company, were laden upon several mules; but the actor, one Fernando Garcia, who performed the part of St. John, preferred to carry one part of his costume himself.

Fernando Garcia was a short man, which was a main point for the effective representation of the principal character in the auto sacramental; for, in order to give an appearance of reality to the scene of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, a *bonetillo*, or leathern skull-cap, was placed on the head of the actor of low stature, and upon the said skull-cap there was fixed, by means of a spring, a false head imitating nature; and the actor's dress or raiment was so arranged as to reach above, and cover his own head, leaving visible only the false one, which being struck off by the executioner on the stage, and placed apparently bleeding on a dish, or charger, produced a startling and exciting effect upon the spectators.

Now Fernando Garcia could not make up his mind to confide this precious *cabeza*, or head, which was so essential an instrument of his theatrical success, to the care of a muleteer; for it was not merely well modelled, light in point of materials—the features being painted so as to imitate nature to perfection, with real hair parted over the forehead, and hanging gracefully over the back part of the neck—but it had glass eyes, which were constantly in motion by means of an internal spring, which was acted upon by the pressure of the said imitation-head on the skull-cap surmounting the actor's real one.

So little Fernando thought that the safer way of conveying this all-important piece of mechanism was to make himself a head taller on his journey, by ingrafting it on his own pate, as he was wont to do on the stage; and accordingly, in this guise, and mounted on a hired horse, he wended his way towards Tortosa, with the rest of the company.

Towards evening, however, he found himself alone. He had loitered on the road, and, like all loiterers, he was exposed to inconvenience. The weather was chilly, and in order to ward off its uncomfortable effects, he covered his face, and even his eyes, with his *capa* or cloak; and trusting the intelligence and surefootedness of his horse, he beguiled the time by thinking of the plaudits which would be showered down upon him at Tortosa, when he should personate to the life the saint whose counterfeit head overtopped his own, without feeling any ill effects from the cold against which he had so snugly sheltered himself from top to toe. Suddenly—just at the turn of the road at the Coll de Balaguer, that fatal spot where so many mysterious murders and robberies had been committed—a shot was fired from behind one of the enormous blocks of stone already described. The actor's horse reared, and threw his double-headed and muffled-up rider, who, whilst struggling to disencumber himself from the folds of his cloak, was terrified beyond measure at seeing a man with a carbine in his hand in the act of pouncing upon him.

Fernando, however, was not wanting in courage, and, having luckily just on that moment got free from the capa, he leaped upon his legs, and drawing forth a poniard, prepared for resistance.

Venceslas Uriarte—for he it was who was rushing upon his supposed victim—astounded at having for the first time missed his aim, was about to take to flight; but he lost all command over himself, and became riveted to the spot upon beholding a being with two heads; the upper one—that of St. John the Baptist—rolling its eyes in the most horrible manner, whilst the menacing orbs of little Fernando Garcia were flashing on him from their sockets in his own living head underneath, and the glistening poniard was elevated, ready to be plunged into his breast.

The robber's guilty conscience raised up the most fearful imaginings; his countenance became livid, his mouth gaped widely, his parched tongue clove to the palate, and he gazed wildly on the horrible apparition. In a minute or two, however, he made another desperate effort to escape; but, although accustomed to all the rugged paths, and agile in surmounting every obstacle when pursuing his prey, or in rapid flight with his booty, such was his trepidation, that his *alpargatas*, or hempen sandals, got entangled among the briers, and threw him down several times. He tried to climb at once up to the higher part of the Coll, and for that purpose caught at a shrub which was growing out of a crevice; but the force of his desperate grasp, and the weight of his convulsed body, drew it out by the root, and he fell again at the feet of the double-headed comedian, who had hotly pursued him.

"Avaunt, Satan! Touch me not, demonio!" cried the assassin, making the sign of the cross. But his exorcisms had no effect upon the bold Fernando Garcia, or upon St. John the Baptist's head; for the former stood over him with the drawn dagger, crying out stoutly at the same time for his comrades by the odd names which actors are apt to adopt, and which no doubt sounded to the prostrate robber like calls for a host of demons to carry him to the realms of eternal torment; and the latter kept rolling its eyes frightfully.

The rest of the company hastened to the relief of Fernando on hearing his cries, and found the murderer helpless from the effect of fright and a smiting conscience. He was bound and taken to the nearest town, where he was searched in presence of the proper authorities. He wore a coarse haircloth shirt; and there were found upon him a rosary, a little book of prayers, and a sort of locket, containing—according to a memorandum on the piece of parchment in which it was wrapped—some of the hair of St. Dominic. But he carried also concealed a poniard of highly-tempered steel; and in a pouch were four bullets, each wrapped in a small piece of greased linen, and fitting his carbine. There were also a few charges of fine gunpowder in a flat powder-horn.

This hypocritical and cruel malefactor was reduced to a state of abject cowardice by what he considered to have been a supernatural interposition, and confessed that he was the assassin of El Coll de Balaguer.

"But," said the magistrate, "how could you dare to place the cross in the hands of your victims?"

"It is no great matter," replied the reckless murderer, "to kill the body; but to destroy the soul is an abominable crime! I adorned their tombs with flowers, and I prayed fervently that they might be spared some days of purgatory. I placed in their hands, immediately after their death, crosses upon which I had previously procured a blessing, in order that, if they were not in a state of grace, they might at all events repulse the devil! But *there* he is! I see him! I see him now!" he cried, on perceiving little Fernando Garcia advancing with his two heads, in order to show the magistrate how it was that his life had been saved.

"There he is! Avaunt, Satanas! avaunt!" muttered the wretched assassin, and he fell into a swoon, after some violent contortions.

He was tried by the proper tribunal, sentenced to death, and executed; and the brave little comedian had reason to rejoice for the remainder of his days at the practical proof which had been exhibited in his own person of the truth of the old saying, that two heads are better than one.

It is almost needless to add, that the auto sacrament was witnessed at Tortosa, and other places, with increased interest by the thousands who flocked to the theatre when it was represented, in consequence of the important part the head had performed in the drama at the Coll de Balaguer, and in bringing to justice the notorious Venceslas Uriarte.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JUNE 21, 1845.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late novels.

For THREE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Sears' Magazine.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

By the present Post Office Law, Postmasters are authorised to frank remittances of money to the publishers of newspapers. By the new law which goes into operation on the 1st of July next, that custom is disallowed.

We hope, therefore, that our friends, who are in arrears, will forward the amounts due without delay—Persons proposing to become subscribers to the Post, may also as well avail themselves of the short period left between this time and July.

☞ A person calling himself A. P. Burns, has been soliciting subscriptions for periodicals and newspapers in Tennessee and elsewhere. He is not authorised, nor ever was to solicit subscriptions for any works published at this office. Except from the regular agents, whose names are published in our paper, persons should always require a written certificate of agency to be shown before subscribing.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Post of this day contains an item of intelligence, which is of such a nature that it will most probably have been anticipated to all our readers, except those at points extremely isolated. The death of a man who has filled so large a place in the world's eye as Andrew Jackson did—a man of whom it might be truly said that he could not find retirement,—is an event to fly with the suddenness of electricity. The whole country was prepared by his long illness to hear of it—and yet all were struck, as if it had been unexpected.

What mystery is this in our natures? Why is it that we can even hang upon the bedside of a dying friend, and wait and watch the flickering breath, in an agony of expectation that every respiration will be the last, and yet, when death comes, start back and scream, with a degree of that terrified astonishment with which Eve looked upon the glazed eye of Abel? It is a mystery. Life is a mystery—Death a greater. Life can answer our questions, though vainly—Death is silence.

It is a mystery which all must tempt. It is the one thing sure to mortal beings. It is the certain end to all our journies. No matter whether the heart bound in health or faintly move in sickness—

Hearts like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave!

In the words of the Monkish requiem—"Dust unto dust—to this all must!" Do we think of this?

The poet says—"Death loves a shining mark." Providence, in whose hand death is an instrument, when the lofty one is taken away, speaks to the humble. Power, place, honor, are no protection. Death is impartial.

Funereal testimonies to the memory of the departed will be paid every where. It is fitting they should. It is due alike to his memory and to our country. In all this, however, let every one recollect that such thoughts are due to himself. As surely as men say now of him—*He is dead*—so surely will the same three little words one day take the place of your person and presence upon earth.

Let us live then as dying men—not sinking into sluggishness, but rousing into exertion, remembering that "the night cometh, in which no man can work."

GREAT INVENTION.

The United States Gazette announces an invention, which, if it answer the expectation of its friends, will prove one of the most truly useful of the century. It is a "Railroad Safety Guard," the object of which is to prevent locomotives, cars, &c. from running off the track, and in the event of an axle breaking, to save further damages. Desiderata to the whole community. The cost of applying it to railroads already in use will not exceed, we understand, the ordinary expenses of repairs, &c. but on the contrary, will serve to lessen them; besides having a tendency to keep animals off the track. The speed, it is said, can also be increased to 60 miles an hour, or more, with perfect safety to life and property.

NEWSPAPERS.

We believe we speak within the bounds of an average degree of justice and Christian charity, when we say that at least six in ten of the newspaper editors and reporters, manufacturers of public indignation, retailers of astounding facts, and deducers of overwhelming generalities, might be hanged, with great benefit to the public, and no loss to their immediate constituencies, unless it be denominated a loss to gain their equanimity, by losing their daily suppers on horrors.

There cannot a suicide happen, that we do not find it dished up with all imaginable terrible circumstances, real and invented. The ingenuity of the providers of this delectable mental food is taxed to the very uttermost to get up a thrilling narrative; and the whole life and circumstances of the deceased are paraded with every circumstantiality of detail which can embellish the account. These paragraphs are not merely mischievous as feeding a morbid taste for the horrible, but they are absolutely noxious, as the cause, beyond peradventure, of the like deeds by other persons. We are so singularly constituted that there is a moral fascination attending the perusal of such accounts, which may put the suggestion of a like deed into minds which never before entertained the shadow of such a thought. This fact is established by the terrific frequency with which one suicide follows another, like the raging of an epidemic, when a few such occurrences have opened the way. It is akin to the disposition to jump which sometimes tempts a man when he looks down a precipice. Common humanity should then induce the newspapers to spare these shocking details.

Accounts of dreadful accidents, though harrowing to the feelings, are necessary from their personal interest, and as cautions to those placed in like circumstances of danger or exposure. They have no moral danger—other than the feeding of the taste for the horrible, but that objection is in this case not so valid or weighty, as in the other which we have spoken of.

But there is a third description of "interesting" reading, against which we are compelled to enter our protest, while often times our practice must go against our theory. We mean accounts of crimes; upon which some of our newspapers dwell, as if their first end and aim was to appear as periodically published Newgate Calendars. All the successful details of roguery are described with a minuteness which can but be very acceptable to young chevaliers of industry, and must afford great gratification to old practitioners. By these they are put upon their guard against detection, and not unfrequently are supplied with new suggestions and hints for practice. The almost praise bestowed on the adroitness of rogues by the press, operates as an agreeable quickener to the ambition of young operators, who, devoid of shame, see in these articles only tributes to the cleverness of brother rogues in their operation.

The details of horrid and cruel crimes are still more pernicious. Beside other objections which may be urged, there is this: that they familiarize the public mind with blood, and notwithstanding their grandiloquent and overstrained efforts at sublimity of denunciation, are so far from increasing that they diminish that horror of crime, which is a better guard against its commission than all law.

Another favorite topic is the Execution. A wretched malefactor, whose crimes have been such that they should cross his memory out of existence, and consign his name to oblivion, is no sooner sentenced than he becomes almost as prominent a subject of newspaper discussion as a candidate for public office; and when he ascends the gallows he steps upon a platform which, with the aid of the newspapers, makes him, if not the observed of all observers, the thought of all thoughts. In Great Britain this passion is carried much farther even with us. Art and learning are called into requisition to give all possible pictorial and verbal descriptions of crime, the scene, the precedent, accompanying and following circumstances, with a weariness of detail that is terribly repulsive. And, as if we had not cis-Atlantic horrors enough, these details are eagerly copied into our newspapers, and retailed for the admiration of the admirers of gallows literature.

The newspaper has become so staple an article of family consumption, that it is highly desirable that these glaring faults should be amended. The influence they exert upon the character of this country, where (literally, not metaphorically,) every body reads them, is absolutely incalculable. Among the many philanthropic schemes which are forward in our day, a most excellent one would be the "Amelioration of the Condition of the Newspapers." This would require no organization and no combination. All that is necessary is discrimination among readers, and the expression of a tangible preference for those periodicals which most avoid the mischiefs which we have alluded to, and other errors which infect the press, such as too violent partisanship, narrowness, bigotry and illiberality, the falsification of truth for party, clique, or sinister purposes, and the personal abuse of contemporaries, which some editors appear to fancy is the true attic salt of newspaper classics.

Our fine minds among the practical and professional men of the country, owe the public a duty which they have never fulfilled. They are ready enough to talk of what is nearest their hearts. It would require no more time to write—and by so doing, and publishing in the newspapers, they would interchange opinions with a large circle which can be reached in no other way. No clergyman has an audience—no doctor a circle of patients—no lawyer an auditory for his best efforts, which can at all compare with the number of readers to any well established journal. And when we remember that a good and readable article seldom or never is confined in this country to the newspaper which originates it, the field which it must travel by becoming copied from one journal to another, becomes absolutely boundless.

If the men of whom we have spoken would make themselves felt through the length and breadth of the land; if, instead of belaboring the newspapers for their faults and shortcomings they would elevate the press, the method we have designated is the only one. It is, perhaps, less remarkable that the press has faults, than it is wonderful that it has no more. It is less surprising that the faults we have noticed exist, than it would be if there were less of them. So if the parties are agreeable we will postpone hanging them for the present, and give the newspapers a chance to grow better, and our lazy scientific men, philanthropists and literati a chance to help them in improvement.

MUSIC.

These are certainly days when one can afford to be musical, if the price of the score was ever at any time an objection. An assortment which would have bankrupted our grandmothers in pin-money for three months, or even put our mothers to serious financial inconvenience, our sisters can buy for the merest of mere trifles. Other desirable possessions of matter to amuse the mind may be had at similar cheap rates—tale and history—romance and reality. The current periodicals, monthly and weekly serials, are on sale at T. B. Peterson's Periodical Establishment, No. 98 Chesnut street, and despatched to order upon remittance of the money. His advertisement may be referred to in another column.

CURIOUS HEIR LOOM.

The first gun, it is said, which was discharged at the British during our revolutionary war, is in possession of Mr. John Ruttrick, of Massachusetts. It was used by his grandfather, who commanded the minute men assembled to oppose the British army, which marched out of Boston on the 19th of April, 1775, for the purpose of destroying the stores at Lexington and Concord.

Such a relic, and indeed any gun used at Lexington, Concord or Bunker Hill, is well worth preservation. As the fresh memory of these things is fading away with the lapse of time, and the retreat from the stage of the last few actors in those scenes, every memento of the Revolution becomes doubly valuable.

DEATH OF MR. CAREY.

On Monday last, died Mr. Edward L. Carey, of the firm of Carey & Hart, publishers and Booksellers of this city. For many years he had been an invalid, so that his personal intercourse with friends and acquaintances was much limited; but the influence of his benevolence, and of his acute and excellent perceptions of the good and beautiful in art and in literature, was felt in its general diffusion over the whole land, and in its particular benefits by a large circle, to whom his loss will never be repaired.

Mr. Carey was still, as years are counted, in the prime of life, being only in his 41st year; but his physical powers had become wasted and reduced by long infirmity,—which served however only to emancipate his mind, and render his taste for art more exquisite, and his judgment more acute. He was the munificent patron of the artists; and had accumulated around him, in the narrow limits to which his motions were restricted, a collection of articles of vertu, unexceeded in value by that of any private gentleman in this country. He had just been elected President of the Academy of Fine Arts, a choice which shows the appreciation in which his taste and liberality were held.

Mr. Carey was the son of the late Matthew Carey, Esq. of this city. Like his father's his name is identified with the history of literature in this country, as one of those whose practical experience and intimate acquaintance with the business of publishing was guided by the higher motive of influencing and raising the public taste. In his private relations he was deeply beloved; in his modest yet liberal charity, he was the benefactor of thousands. In personal suffering he was a continual martyr, and died at last of congestion of the brain, which put a sudden period to the uncomplaining distress, which never, in its own grief, forgot the claims of others; and during which he seemed to hesitate to give his friends pain by admitting or betraying his own.

THE DEATH OF ANDREW JACKSON.

The rumor oft repeated is confirmed—the coming event which, in the years and debility of the veteran, cast its shadow before, has befallen—the soldier and statesman is gathered to his fathers.

Immediately upon the receipt of authentic intelligence at Washington, the following official announcement was made by the President of the United States:

Andrew Jackson is no more. He departed this life on Sunday, 8th inst., full of days and full of honors. His country deplores his loss, and will ever cherish his memory. Whilst a nation mourns, it is proper business should be suspended at least for one day in the Executive Departments, as a tribute of respect to the illustrious dead. I accordingly direct that the Department of State, the Treasury, the War, the Navy, the Post Office, the office of the Attorney General, and the Executive Mansion, be instantly put into mourning, and that they be closed during the whole day to-morrow.

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington City, June 16, 1845.

The following General Order was written by the Acting Secretary of War, and Secretary of the Navy:

The President of the United States, with heartfelt sorrow, announces to the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps, the death of ANDREW JACKSON. On the evening of Sunday, the eighth day of June, about six o'clock, he resigned his spirit to his Heavenly Father. The nation, while it learns with grief the death of its most illustrious citizen, finds solace in contemplating his venerable character and services. The valley of the Mississippi beheld in him the bravest, and wisest, and most fortunate of its defenders. The country raised him to the highest trusts in military and in civil life, with a confidence that never abated, and an affection that followed him in undiminished vigor to retirement, watched over his latest hours, and pays its tribute at his grave. Wherever his lot was cast, he appeared among those around him first in natural endowments and resources, not less than first in authority and station. The power of his mind impressed itself on the policy of his country, and still lives, and will live forever, in the memory of its people. Child of a forest region, and a settler of the wilderness, his was a genius which, as it came to the guidance of affairs, instinctively attached itself to general principles, and, inspired by the truth which his own heart revealed to him in singleness and simplicity, he found always a response in the breasts of his countrymen.

Crowned with glory in war, in his whole career, as a statesman, he showed himself the friend and lover of peace. With an American heart, whose throbs were all for republican freedom and his native land, he yet longed to promote the widest intercourse, and the most intimate commerce between the many nations of mankind. He was the servant of humanity. Of a vehement will, he was patient in council, deliberating long, hearing all things; yet in the moment of action, deciding with rapidity. Of a noble nature, and incapable of disguise, his thoughts lay open to all around him, and won their confidence by his ingenuous frankness. His judgment was of that solidity, that he ever tempered vigor with prudence. The flushings of anger could never cloud his faculties, but rather kindled and lighted them up, quickening their energy without disturbing their balance. In war, his eye at a glance discerned his plans with unerring sagacity; in peace, he proposed measures with instinctive wisdom, of which the inspirations were prophecy. In discipline stern, in a just resolution inflexible, he was full of the gentlest affections, every ready to solace the distressed, and to relieve the needy; faithful to his friends, fervid for his country. Indifferent to other rewards, he aspired throughout life to an honorable fame, and so loved his fellow men, that he longed to dwell in their affectionate remembrance. Heaven gave him length of days, and he filled them with deeds of greatness. He was always happy; happy in his youth, which shared the achievement of our national independence; happy in his after years, which beheld the valley of the West cover itself with the glory of free and ever increasing States; happy in his age, which saw the people multiplied from two to twenty millions, and freedom and union make their pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific; thrice happy in death, for while he believed the liberties of his country imperishable, and was cheered by visions of its constant advancement, he departed from his life in full hope of a blessed immortality, through the merits and atonement of his Redeemer.

Officers of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps will wear crape on the left arm and on their swords; and the colors of the several regiments will be put in mourning, for the period of six months. At the naval stations, and on public vessels in commission, the flags will be worn at half-mast for one week; and on the day after this order is received, twenty-one minute guns will be fired, beginning at 12 o'clock. At each military station, the day after the reception of this order, the national flag will be displayed at half-staff from sunrise to sunset; thirteen guns will be fired at day-break; half-hour guns during the day, and at the close of the day a general salute. The troops will be paraded at 10 o'clock, and this order read to them, on which the labors of the day will cease.

Let the virtues of the illustrious dead retain their influence, and when energy and courage are called to trial, emulate his example.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Andrew Jackson was born at Waxhaw, South Carolina, March 16, 1767, and at the time of his death had entered upon his 79th year. His parents were emigrants from Ireland, and Andrew was the youngest of three brothers. His education was commenced with a view of his entering the Ministry, but the occurrence of the Revolutionary War, and the perils of invasion by a hostile army changed his destiny. Young Jackson took up arms, and the band of forty volunteers to which he belonged, having been routed, by a superior force, and nearly all taken prisoners, the boy early showed the courage and determination which in all after life marked the character of the man. Being ordered by a British officer to wipe the mud off his boots, Jackson peremptorily refused, demanding the treatment due to a prisoner of war. On his continuing to refuse obedience to the commands of the officer, the latter became enraged, and, drawing his sabre, struck at the head of the young Jackson, which blow Jackson caught with his left hand, receiving a wound, the mark of which he carried with him to his grave. His brother, for a similar offence, had his head laid open by a sword wound, which afterwards caused his death.

The two brothers were carried to Camden, where they were imprisoned until after the battle of Camden, when they were released by the exertions of an affectionate mother. This heroic woman shortly after expired, near the city of Charleston, to which place she had gone on an errand of mercy—the relief of the suffering American prisoners. Jackson's remaining brother also died about the same time, leaving him friendless in the world.

In 1784, at the age of 18, he entered a lawyer's office, in Salisbury, N. C., and in 1786 was admitted to practice. In 1788 he settled permanently in Nashville, Tennessee, where he soon obtained a lucrative and extensive business. In 1796 he was elected to a Convention assembled to frame a Constitution for Tennessee, in the year following he was chosen Representative to Congress, and in the next year Senator. This post, however, he resigned, and on his return was appointed one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Tennessee. At or about the same time he was elected Major General in the Tennessee Militia, which rank he held till 1814, when he received the same grade in the regular army.

He early resigned his seat on the Bench and lived in retirement on his farm on the Cumberland River, until the war of 1812 brought his active and courageous spirit again into action. At the head of the volunteers the calling out of whom the U. S. Government had authorised, he was engaged in the sanguinary battles of Tallegeda, and Tohopeka; and in many minor skirmishes; with fatigues, privations, marchings, and countermarchings, in all which he shared with the humblest private; to these were superadded a commander's difficulties peculiar to his position, and to the character of his forces. He displayed courage, address, and fortitude in this Indian warfare, much more than have made many a lesser man famous; but all are comparatively forgotten in the greater glory of the battle of New Orleans; an engagement which eclipsed the others from its momentous consequences; though it scarcely equalled, and certainly did not exceed them, in developing the character of the soldier.

The Indian difficulties mastered, Gen. Jackson now entered upon the era which marks his life—the passage which, as we have said, leaves his former services to his country in the shade. We borrow a succinct narrative of the great battle from the United States Gazette:

General Jackson was now appointed a Commissioner to enter into a treaty with the conquered tribes, during the ratification of which he received information that a British force had been landed at Pensacola, under the very eye of the Spanish Governor, and were proceeding to arm and equip hordes of savages, who had taken shelter in the neutral territory. He accordingly sent advices to the government, and urged the necessity of dismantling this fortress. In the meantime this British force with Col. Nichols at its head, attacked the American post of Fort Bowyer, but were repulsed with severe loss. General Coffee now arrived on the spot with 2,000 well-armed Tennesseeans, and Jackson, placing himself at the head of this force, entered Pensacola, drove out the British and Indians, and reduced the Spanish Governor to terms. He did not hold the place long, as he had become convinced that New Orleans was the chief object of attack, and thither he marched on the 1st December. Making the city of New Orleans his head quarters, he prepared for its defence. On the 16th, the British forces entered the lakes lying to the east of New Orleans, and on the 23d, General Jackson received certain information that they were making a landing through the *Bayou Bienvenu*, about eight miles below the city, on a narrow strip of land lying between the river and swamp, and running all the way up to the city. Jackson immediately marched to the spot, and reaching it at dark—made an attack on the enemy. This spirited attack was kept up for several hours in the darkness, when the troops, getting in some confusion, were withdrawn to await the morning light. The battle of the 23d was the means of saving New Orleans, as it had the effect of restraining the British troops until the American commander completed his celebrated breastwork, which afterwards opposed their advance upon the city.

On the morning of the 24th, learning the superior strength of the enemy, Jackson saw the necessity of acting on the defensive, and immediately commenced throwing a breastwork across the narrow tract of land which offered the only approach to the city. This the enemy allowed him sufficient time to complete. They attacked it upon the 27th, but were repulsed with a severe loss. They again assailed it on the 1st of January, with similar fortune. But their final attack was planned for the 8th. On the morning of this day, the British column, 10,000 strong, with their Commander-in-Chief, Sir E. Packenham, at their head, moved on to the attack. The fire of the American lines opened upon them, and they fell beneath the deadly hail of three thousand rifles. They wavered and retreated, and were again rallied by brave officers. It was in vain—their Commander-in-Chief had fallen—and nearly three thousand of their comrades lay dead before their faces, and after several unsuccessful attempts to reach the invulnerable breastwork, they gave way and retired beyond the reach of our artillery. On the 18th of January, the remnant of this fine army was glad to embark in their ships, leaving thousands of their companions buried in the stranger land. Jackson remained in New Orleans until the news of the treaty of peace arrived, when he retired to his home at Nashville. He was soon recalled to serve his country in the field. In 1818, he received orders from government, to march an army into Florida, and punish the Seminoles, who had been perpetrating barbarous outrages on the settlers. This he accordingly did.

In 1821 he was appointed Governor of the Florida Territory, which had been ceded by Spain to this country. In the middle of the year he proceeded to the scene of action (Pensacola,) and after some vigorous action on his part, he placed the administration of the territorial government on a firm basis. His health obliged him to return to his farm at Nashville, at the close of the year. Here he remained occupied with rural affairs until 1824. He was then proposed as one of the candidates for the Presidency; but in the election he was defeated by Adams. He again stood in 1828, and was elected President of the United States. He held this office until 1836, having been re-elected in 1832.

On leaving the high office of the Presidency, he returned to his beautiful home (the "Hermitage,") where he continued to reside until his death.

Of his political life this is not the place to speak. The period of his administration was marked by strong and well defined party lines, and by the agitation of highly important questions. He was not a man to evade decision, or temporize with and defer a difficulty. He met whatever he encountered full in the face. All concede to him courage and honesty of purpose; and whatever differences people might have entertained respecting his policy, neither friendship could abate respect for him—nor enmity deny it.

Attachment to his friends, and frankness to his opponents, were equally strong in his character; and if he had not the negative merit which those possess of whom all speak well, he made his office respected at home, and his country respected abroad. No one has possessed more the ardent attachment of a great majority of the people than he did—but we are wasting words in attempting his eulogy after the insertion of that which precedes the General Order to the Navy and Army.

He has, during his last illness, suffered much—very much. Nay, iron as he seemed, he has endured, since 1812, the effects of disease, contracted among the hardships of Indian warfare. But it is all done now. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well.—

Go bring his battle blade,
His helmet and his plume,
And be his trophies laid,
Beside him in the tomb.
* * * *
Green be the willow bough,
Above the swelling mound,
While sleeps the hero now,
In consecrated ground—
Where files of time-worn veterans come
With martial tramp and muffled drum.

THE FUNERAL.

The citizens of Nashville assembled in town meeting, passed resolutions of condolence in relation to the death of Gen. Jackson, requested all the houses and places of business to be closed during the day of the funeral, authorized minute guns to be fired, and resolved to attend the funeral in the simple character of citizens and friends, without any organized parade or pomp.

The Nashville Banner of the 11th, says—"Yesterday every place of business was closed, and our citizens, for the most part, went up to the Hermitage to pay the last solemn rites to the illustrious dead. A very large concourse assembled from the town and country, and a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Edgar. The body was borne to the grave by the pall bearers appointed by the meeting on Tuesday, and, without ostentation or parade, but in the midst of silence and tears, was placed by the side of her whom in life he had loved so well."

DISASTROUS SPECULATION.

The New York Sun, of a recent date contains a narrative, the moral of which is too obvious to require comment. Similar circumstances, though not involving ruin quite so thorough, occur oftener than could be wished. Slow and sure is the safe path. The Sun states that a large jobbing house in that city, in excellent credit, found on settling up a prosperous spring business, that a large cash surplus was on hand, and anxious to reduce its foreign debt, one of the partners of the firm was despatched to England, to pay off this debt as far as the amount in hand would liquidate, and to give orders for a fresh supply of seasonable goods. Not hearing from him, or receiving any consignments, the other partner, somewhat alarmed, left his business, and sailed for England, where he found his associate. The truth soon was told; he had invested the funds transmitted to pay the debts of the house, in rail road stock, and had lost all. The partner who had just arrived, called his creditors together and made an assignment, and the creditors having unlimited confidence in him, desired him to return to New York and take charge of his business, and pay them gradually from his profits. On his return, he found himself involved in another heavy loss, in consequence of the failure of a jobbing house, and thus cut down by the bad conduct of his partner,—injured in his credit and feelings, and all his property assigned, being also of a nervous and debilitated constitution, the accumulation of troubles overpowered him,—he locked up his store, took to his bed, and died in a fortnight afterwards. We notice the fact, that it may operate as a caution, never to invest money intended to pay an honest debt, in any speculative project, no matter how flattering it may appear, and never speculate with money that is not your own. A contingency may lose it all, and the act becomes criminal.

BRAHAM, THE VOCALIST.

Our musical readers—and every body now-a-days is in some sort musical,—may be gratified with the following reminiscences which the Gateshead (England) Chronicle, arranges, respecting Braham, the vocalist. The editor's remarks were suggested by looking over the files of an old English newspaper—the London Morning Post of July 12th, 1787, and the perusal in it of that day's "bill of fare" of the "Royal Theatre," Well street, London, where, amongst other attractions, "The Soldier Tired of War's Alarms" is announced to be sung by *Master Braham*, he who is now signalized as a veteran singer. At the time when *Master* Braham sung his song, says the Observer, "Lord North was England's prime minister; Pitt and Franklin, Burke and Washington, were prominent performers on the public stage; Louis XVI. still wore his head, and Tom Paine was sharpening the axe for its removal; Seringapatam was unstormed by Cornwallis; Burns was in his prime, and Cowper still delighting the world with his verse; Byron was a child in arms, Napoleon a name unknown, and Mrs. Siddons only dawning into fame. Braham has outlived them all—and after a lapse of nearly fifty-eight years, is still before the public, 'living to please, and pleasing to live!' The voice which charmed the ear (if he was musical) of George the Third, when he had still three and thirty years to reign, may have also been heard by his great grandson, Albert, Prince of Wales!"

DEATHS.

The following list of distinguished citizens of the United States, who have died within the last five years, though incomplete, is interesting:

President Harrison, ex-President Jackson, Secretary Upshur, Secretary Gilmer, Attorney General Legare, Judges Thompson and Baldwin, of the United States Supreme Court, Senator Southard, New Jersey, Senator McRoberts, Illinois, Senator Linn, Missouri, Senator Porter, Louisiana, Senator Fulton, Arkansas, Senator Bates, Massachusetts, Senator Betts, Connecticut, General Macomb, General Eustis, Commodore Hull, Commodore Claxton, Commodore Shubrick, Commodore Porter, Commodore Kennon, Judge Rowan Kentucky, Judge Buchanan, Maryland, Judge Gaston, North Carolina. Add to these the following distinguished citizens, who have played no unimportant part in the history of the country: Bishop Griswold, Vermont, Rev. Dr. Channing, Massachusetts, Rev. Dr. Breckenridge, Louisiana, John Forsyth, ex-Secretary of State, Gen. Porter, ex-Secretary of War, Nicholas Biddle, Thomas Morris, ex-Senator, Ohio, James Lanman, ex-Senator, Connecticut, John Holmes, ex-Senator, Maine, Judge Cowan, General Gorgan Lewis, Asher Robbins, Rhode Island, Virgil Maxey, ex-Governor Mason, Michigan, Governor Kavenaugh, Maine.

VACCINATION.

The prevalence of small pox in New York, at the present time, naturally leads the papers of that city to the presentation of facts relative to the character and history of the disease. Among the rest the Courier brings forward a report recently made to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, in which the utility of vaccination is shown in a very conclusive manner. Before the discovery of the process, the number of deaths from small-pox annually in Europe was 400,000; of which 50,000 occurred in France. In one of the essays presented to the Academy's Committee, it is shown that between 1816 and 1841 there were in France 10,434 cases of small-pox in persons who had not been vaccinated, and 5,963 in those who had; of the non-vaccinated patients 1,682 died; of the others only 62.

A NEW WONDER.

The Journal of Commerce says:—"We have seen a specimen of *words* printed by a machine with the above title, but have not yet been made acquainted with the mode of working it. All we can say is, that if such letters can be produced by telegraphic wires, and produced rapidly and accurately, as we are assured they can be, this invention, for practical usefulness, far surpasses any other of the kind which has yet been brought before the public. The name of the inventor is not yet publicly announced, but we expect to be able to communicate it, and other particulars relative to the invention, in the course of a few days." At the rate things are going on, if we may credit the newspapers, by the time Congress is ready to move in the matter, every man will be his own telegraph.

RUMORS.

The Washington Journal of Monday states that on Sunday afternoon, the officers in the War Department attached to the Commanding General's Bureau were convened; and as the meeting was extraordinary, it was rumored in the city this morning that it was occasioned by the late news from the Texan frontier. A letter from Washington States that our Government has received advices that the Mexican troops have passed the Rio Grande, and crossed the river Neuces, the boundary between Mexico and Texas. If this be the fact we shall soon hear more of it.

APT ILLUSTRATIONS.

The growth of the population of the great West may be judged of by the following illustrations quoted by a contemporary. The first child born of American parents west of the Alleghany Mountains, who knew WASHINGTON as a Surveyor on the banks of the Kanawha, is yet alive, and scarcely numbers her fourscore years and ten. It is further said that the second child born in Cincinnati lives, and has not seen the middle age of life; yet the city has now some thousand inhabitants.

MATCH COMPLETED.

Ellsworth, the celebrated pedestrian completed his task of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours, on the morning of the 8th. inst., but to show that he was not much the worse, he continued to walk during the day. This is the third time he has performed the feat,—a great deal more reasonable one, by the way, than riding a horse to death, and taking credit for that.

SEVERE.

Some modern philosopher says: "Flirtation in a woman, is an excusable pastime. It is proof of innocence, just as the amusement of impaling cockchafers is an evidence of a good heart in a youngster." In view of such an opinion, we can only quote the poet, with Richard Swiveller, Esq: "Young men, beware!"

THE RACE COURSE.

The discussion of the relative merits of Fashion and Peytona, brings out some facts upon the character of a sport which, however, it may improve the breed of horses, does not improve that of men. The New York Spirit of the Times, in speaking of Peytona, says: "Barney informed us that on the 4th mile of the 2d heat he was fearful that the race was lost. He had been spurring his mare so incessantly that her lacerated sides became callous, and he changed his seat in order to get a new flesh! He could not have won the race by an inch more than he did!"

AN OLD AFFAIR.

The New York Mirror says that an ingenious composer of that city, has invented a machine, for which he is about to take out a patent, by which a composer can discover, after he has played off an original composition, that it is all written for him, on paper—notes, bar, rest, time, expression and all, so that any musician can play the piece from the machine-made MS. It is simple in construction, easily attached to a piano, and can be got up cheap. We guess this machine is a port-folio, attached to the top of the instrument—hey, Mr. Mirror?

CURIOUS MATCHES.

A few days since there arrived at Southport, Wisconsin, in the steamer Empire, a lot of emigrants to the West, among whom were two pairs of twins. Those twins were born of different parents—but under the same roof and in the same house. Each pair comprised a boy and a girl; they lived near neighbors from infancy, and the same day before starting West they were united in marriage—the male and female of the different pairs. They were from St. Lawrence County, New York.

WOOL.

Western papers are congratulating the people on the fair clips of wool realized for the first time in many sections this spring. In Jackson County, Michigan, the yield is estimated by the Patriot, at 50,000 pounds, worth $12,500. With good care, in a country where land costs next to nothing, the increase of flocks will about pay the cost of keep. Wool and wheat growing, aided by clover, timothy and plaster, will soon be the prominent branches of agriculture in Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Parisian Races—Anniversary of Napoleon's Death—The French King's Patronage of Literary Men—Agricultural Fete at the Luxembourg—Catlin in Paris—Abd el Kader a Spaniard—Monument to Bethoeven—European Newspapers—Monarchs at Paris—Fortifications—English Colonies—Miscellaneous Facts, Fancies and Figures.

Bristol, England, May, 19, 1845.

I must for once be allowed to clear my note-book of all kinds of small things, which now fill several pages of that omnium-gatherum miscellany.

At Paris they have had some capital races, attended by an immense concourse, from Royalty downwards. The great prize was the "City of Paris plate" of 240 guineas, won by Monsieur Lupin's horse, ridden by a young English boy—a jockey, aged 14, but who rode like—"Ancient Nicholas." The Hurdle race was rich, and won by a horse of Baron Rothschild's, against six favorites. The Baron's horse was named "Tiger." He came in for the *lion's* share. The Anniversary of Napoleon's Death (May 5th) was observed with some solemnity—but less than in former years. There was a funeral service for the repose of the soul of the Emperor, at the Church of the Invalids in the morning, at which a large number of military were present. I have already mentioned the patronage of literary men, by Louis Philippe—the elevation of Victor Hugo to a Peerage of France, &c. I now observe that Balzac, Soulie and Musset, all justly admired authors, have been made members of the Legion of Honor. There has been a grand Horticultural Show at the Luxembourg, where our English Duke of Devonshire, who went over on purpose with specimens, carried off the best of the prizes. The King's Annual Fete went off with immense *eclat*, Catlin and his North American Indians having been leading characters among the Parisian populace. A romantic story is going the rounds, to the effect that Abd el Kader, the great defier of French arms, is a Spaniard by birth, who was captured by Moorish pirates when young—and that his real name is Don Barcelo. A superb monument has been erected at Bonn, to the memory of Bethooven, the great musical composer. A very singular robbery has taken place at Paris—that of a jeweller's shop in the Rue St. Antoine, to a large amount. The robber or robbers obtained admission by ascending a public sewer from the Seine. Some curious statistics of European journals have just been published in France. By these it appears that there are journals in proportion to population, thus:

In Rome	1	to	51,000 persons.
In Madrid	1	to	50,000
In Venice	1	to	11,000
In London	1	to	10,080
In Berlin	1	to	10,070
In Paris	1	to	3,700
In Stockholm	1	to	2,000
In Leipsic	1	to	11,000
In Spain	1	to	864,000
In Russia	1	to	674,000
In Austria	1	to	376,000
In Switzerland	1	to	66,000
In France	1	to	52,000
In England	1	to	46,000
In Holland	1	to	40,500
In Prussia	1	to	43,000

The Queen of England, the Queen of Spain, the King of Holland, and the King and Queen of Naples are expected to visit Paris this Summer. The fortifications of Paris are to be immediately mounted with 2,208 cannon; and their armories to be stored with 230,000 muskets and 1,000,000 of projectiles. The Pacha of Egypt is patronising flax-dressing to a great extent, and has imported flax-dressers and machines from this country. Well, the Iron Kings have been obliged to come down £2 a ton, and it is thought that iron will now fall by the run, and some of the speculators burn their fingers. The widow of John Philip Kemble (the great Kemble) died a few days ago at Leamington. A very rich man, Philip John Miles, died the other day, worth nearly a million sterling, and a superb collection of ships and pictures. Much to his honor, he has left a large sum to public charities. Dr. Bowring says that we have 41 colonies, that import from England, goods worth £17,000,000—and send to England, produce worth £11,000,000 annually. 3,000 vessels are employed in the colonial trade. Green peas are now imported by steam from Portugal. The Iron Duke of Wellington, is 76 years of age. There are 21,000 soldiers and 9,000 policemen in Ireland. The electro-magnetic telegraphs extend over 350 miles of railroads in England. 104 bushels of barley have been raised on an acre of land near Elgin, by the aid of "electric wires." I am glad to see that some of our wealthy landholders are permitting the destruction of their game for the benefit of their farmer-tenants. Sir Gilbert Heathcote has ordered a thousand head to be destroyed, and Finch, of Parkham, has allowed his game to be killed and given to the poor. A curious occurrence took place last week, in Nottinghamshire. While a body of yeomanry cavalry were exercising in Bulwell Forest, they dismounted for a few minutes, leaving their horses to stand. But the animals set off *pas de charge*—and never stopped until they reached Nottingham, twenty miles off. Another chemist, Mr. Welch, of Hagley, is committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter, for having by mistake administered corrosive sublimate to two children, thereby causing their death. All the world is going mad with cheap Spring railway excursions. Country people, even from the remote North and West, flock into London by thousands, just for a day's sight of the great Metropolis. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers has announced his intention of retiring from the business of the Free Church of Scotland. One George Wolford, proprietor of the "learned pig," is accused of the murder of his wife at Salisbury. The Geological Society is rejoicing in an account of an ancient fossil turtle found in India—18 feet long and 7 feet high! The working-jewellers of Birmingham have presented Douglas Jerrold, the author, with an elegant memorial as a tribute of respect for his advocacy of the cause of the working classes. Prince Albert has been made a "Merchant Tailor," and was duly installed on Monday, at a grand dinner given on the occasion, by that ancient London Trading Company. A poor man at Melksham the other day, found a treasure of £800 while digging in a field which, for many years, had been called the field of evil spirits. A clerk in one of the banks of this city, has just made £10,000 in railway-share speculations—and several others here have made nearly as much. Some folks will burn their fingers soon at this hazardous game. Last year, 103 persons were killed or wounded by railway accidents in England. On Wednesday, Mr. and Mrs. Plaisance died on the same day at Redmoor; the husband was aged 107 and the wife 105. They left a daughter aged 84 years. Mr. Dent, a wealthy man at Knaresborough, has offered a premium of £5 each to any poor families going to settle in British America. Smiths, the distillers of London, have been fined £70,000 for illicit distillation. A nurse named Margaret Brickney, last week, murdered the infant child of Mr. Drake Finch, lawyer of Greenwich, by cutting off its head. She was arrested, and on examination said:—"I had no dislike to the child—but killed it merely on a momentary impulse." I suppose this is what the lawyers call, a case of homicidal monomania.

Personal News.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—Louis McLane, of Maryland, Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, vice Edward Everett, recalled.

Samuel W. Spencer, Collector of the Customs at Apalachicola, vice Hiram Nourse resigned.

Ezra Chesebro, Collector of the Customs at Stonington, Connecticut, vice Giles R. Hallam, removed.

Isaac A. Hedges, Surveyor and Inspector of the Revenue at St. Louis, Missouri, vice Oliver Harris, removed.

Thomas J. Gantt, Attorney for the United States for the district of Missouri, vice Wm. H. McPherson, removed.

Edward W. Green, Deputy Postmaster at New Bedford, Massachusetts, vice Simeon Baily, removed.

Wilson Knott, Deputy Postmaster at Newark, New Jersey, vice Jas. J. Plume, removed.

☞ We observe by the Baptist Register that the Board of the Baptist Missionary Society seriously contemplates the recall of some of their missionaries, in consequence of the heavy debt which has now for so long a time hung over the society. We hope that the repeated calls upon the societies composing the denomination will yet meet with a timely response, and avert so disastrous a movement. The debt is about $40,000.

☞ Mr. Van Ness has resigned the collectorship of New York—the resignation to take effect on the 1st of July next. The President has accepted his resignation, and appointed Cornelius W. Lawrence to this most important office. The Washington Union, announcing this change, says it is due to Mr. Van Ness to say that he has discharged the duties of the office with great ability.

☞ The University of North Carolina, at its annual commencement on the 5th inst., conferred the honorary degree of L.L. D. upon the President of the United States; the Rev. F. S. Hawks, of Mississippi; the Hon. John Y. Mason, Attorney General of the United States; and the Hon. Willie P. Mangum, late President of the U. S. Senate; all of whom are alumni of that institution.

☞ Mrs. Willard, formerly of the Troy Female Seminary, has recovered $20,000 from the estate of Dr. Yates, late her husband. This sum had been pledged to her in the marriage contract, on condition that she would relinquish her right of dowry.

☞ Ole Bull is in Boston, where he will give a Concert the present week. He intends to visit South America shortly. He says his name is changed to Old Hoss.—"Old Hoss, how are you?" being the usual mode in which he was saluted at the West.

☞ It is said that Washington Irving has expressed an earnest desire to be relieved from his foreign mission, and to return to his homestead on the Hudson.

☞ Mr. Cooper has in the press a new novel which will be ready for publication in a few days.

Local Intelligence.

NEW EPISCOPAL CHURCHES.

Two new churches have been erected in the county of Philadelphia, for the worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church. One of them, the church of the Advent, situated near the corner of Old York Road and Tammany street, N. L., will be ready for consecration on Saturday of next week. It is, as we have before mentioned, a Gothic structure, erected from plans furnished by Mr. Carver, and finished under his general direction. Its parts, colors, and arrangement are all in tasteful and beautiful harmony and proportion, and it is admitted by all who have seen it, to be one of the most beautiful specimens of architecture in the country. Its windows are of stained glass, and all the details of color and arrangement were left to the architect, who has with this advantage, constructed a harmonious whole, which does him great credit.

The other of these two new buildings, the Church of the Nativity, is situated at the corner of Eleventh and Washington streets, Spring Garden. This church also is Gothic, and has a commanding tower and spire. Its exterior is so nearly complete that we see that it must be a great ornament to the neighborhood. The interior will probably be done in July. Mr. Le Brûn, the architect of this church, has made it a beautiful building; and it will tend, with the other improvements in progress, to make the pleasant district in which it is situated, still more agreeable as a residence.

LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS.

A very large number of houses are in process of renovation in the city and county, and a great number of new buildings are in progress. This is indicative of a state of prosperity which is not only highly gratifying to the pride of our citizens, but promises more satisfactory results in continued prosperity, for money thus expended is perhaps more directly beneficial to our citizens than that spent in any other way. Among other changes now going forward in Chesnut street, we notice that the building above Sixth, occupied by the Sabbath School Union, is to be taken down and a new structure, better adapted to the wants of the Union, is to be raised in its place. In the meanwhile, the mansion of the late Peter Duponceau, Esq., at the corner of Sixth and Chesnut streets, is to be occupied by the Union, and the books belonging to it are now being arranged in it.

HONOR TO THE DEAD.

It is the unanimous wish of all men of all parties, that our several corporations should take immediate steps to honor the illustrious dead. The Major General of this Division has ordered a parade on Thursday next, the 26th instant; and our different societies and other bodies will unite in the testimonial.

CORONER'S DUTIES.—An unpleasant controversy has arisen, which we hope to see speedily closed. It appears that there is some defect in the law passed at the last session, relative to the duties of the coroner; and that, in consequence, a doubt has arisen whether or not it is his duty to attend to the interment of bodies, respecting which there is no suspicion that death was caused by violence, or by misdemeanor. This point should be set at rest as soon as possible.

☞ A decision has recently been made by the Quarter Sessions, which establishes that in Pennsylvania—marriage is a civil contract, and as such may be proved by admission and acts of the parties, without the necessity of any particular ceremony.

A BEAUTIFUL FLAG has been woven and painted in this city, for an old company of artillery, established in Virginia, in 1801, called the Public Guards, and now under the command of Capt. Dimmock. It, the flag, is composed of stout blue silk, manufactured for the purpose, upon each side of which is a painting—on one side the Arms of Virginia, Minerva with her foot upon the neck of prostrate tyranny, and on the other the Arms of the United States, an eagle, surrounded by twenty-eight golden stars, suitable inscriptions indicating the date of the company, &c., are displayed. The paintings are by R. H. Murray, an artist of this city, who has executed many works highly creditable to his genius and skill. He brings to his work an application of the graceful and beautiful, which banishes all the stiffness and incorrect drawings too often found in signs, transparencies and decorations. In one word, he is an artist, both by natural taste and by diligent study and observation.

THE MARINER'S BETHEL.—The brick work of the new Mariner's Bethel, erecting at the corner of Shippen and Penn streets, has been completed, and the present appearance of the building gives assurance that it will be a neat and substantial structure. It is of brick, three stories high; the lower story contains four small class rooms, and one large room, for the accommodation of the Sunday Schools attached to the Bethel, the scholars in which number about 250. The congregation numbers about 175 members, and is under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. D. Taylor; they now worship in an old sail loft, at the corner of Shippen and Swanson streets, which, we understand, is shortly to be torn down, and this circumstance renders it necessary that the new edifice should be soon completed.

☞ The Philadelphia Museum, it is stated, with its collection of specimens and curiosities, is now held under execution to pay a debt due by the Company, and will, unless the debt is satisfied, be sold at public vendue. For sold read *sacrificed*—for the market value of such things is about on a par with that of a door-plate, for which the owner has no further use.

RESPECT.—The Courts, and all the public offices, were closed on Monday, upon the receipt of the intelligence of Gen. Jackson's death, and flags were hoisted at half mast.

☞ The Academy of Fine Arts has offered a reward of Five Hundred Dollars for the detection of those who set fire to their premises on the 11th instant.

☞ A Steamboat now regularly plies between this city and Bridgeton, N. J. It is only remarkable that this enterprise was not undertaken years ago.

General News.

RATHER UNEXPECTED.—There was a soda explosion in Boston, at an apothecary's, the other day, which brought such a crowd into the Dr.'s premises, that he could move neither hand nor foot. In this extremity the Post states that he thus addressed the people: "Gentlemen, you that have business to attend to and you who have not—I am obliged to you for the interest you have displayed in the supposed injury which my property has received. I beg to assure you that it is very trifling. Nothing is broke except a lead pipe about the size of my finger; twenty-five cents will repair the damage. I would show it to you now, were we not all very busy about this time; but if you call round this way this afternoon, you will see another similar pipe burst, and I shall have time to explain all about it to you." Four o'clock came, but the crowd did not. The pipe, however, did burst again, as much to the astonishment of Dr. Brown as any body else.

☞ The New York Courier states that there was cast at the Works of the West Point Foundry, on the 12th inst., a Blast Cylinder one hundred and twenty-six inches in diameter, and eleven feet in length, weighing ten tons. It is intended for the Mount Savage Iron Company, near Cumberland, Md., and is to blow four Blast Furnaces of the largest class, making four hundred tons per week. The time employed in running the iron from the furnace to the mould, was 43 seconds.

☞ Captain Fremont has started from St. Louis on his Oregon expedition. His company consists of sixty men. If he had needed thousands, says the Republican, they could have been procured without difficulty. There was a great competition for the places. It was amusing to see, two West Point cadets in the crowd stare at the tactics of the "mountain boys"—an illustration of theory *versus* practice, or science *versus* experience. Stephen Cooper acts as pilot to the expedition.

☞ A disastrous fire occurred in New York on Wednesday morning, in the stables fronting on Bayard street, and running into Elizabeth street, which were entirely destroyed, with a number of valuable horses, carriages, wagons, &c. A small two-story brick building, on the corner of Elizabeth, occupied as a grocery, was also destroyed, with the contents. There was a report by those who first discovered the fire that the occupant, with his family, who slept over the store, have perished.

☞ The Christian Intelligencer, of Georgetown, Ky., a Methodist paper, edited by a clergyman, contains a call for a convention of the laity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to consider the propriety of the action of the ministers at the Louisville convention, in relation to the separation of the body into Northern and Southern divisions. This movement is an extraordinary one for that body of people, but is one of the characteristics of the times.

☞ The steamboat Lexington, which arrived at St. Louis on the 5th, from the Missouri river brought down twenty-three traders and trappers, and three hundred and sixty-seven packs of buffalo robes, belonging to the Union Fur Company, of the city of New York. The Era says:—"It is reported that the Union Fur Company has sold its forts to the American Fur Company, with the intention of withdrawing from the business."

☞ A Montreal correspondent of the Rochester Democrat gives the following statistics of the Wesleyan Methodists in Lower Canada. Number of Chapels, 27; Places of Preaching, 137; Missionaries, 19; Sabbath Schools, [illegible]; Scholars, 2,545; Local Preachers, 38; Sabbath School Teachers, 363; Class Leaders, [illegible]; Members of Church, 4,115; Regular Hearers, 20,000.

☞ Extensive preparations are forward in New York and in all other places so far as heard from, to pay the proper testimonials to the memory and services of the late General Jackson. Corporate bodies of all descriptions, when in session have adjourned, and when not in session have been summoned together to render respect to the departed hero.

☞ Over a million of White Fish were taken with a seine at New Haven, a day or two ago. They weighed over four hundred tons, and are worth for manure $500. Being hauled in at high tide, and the net made fast to a windlass, the receding tide left them high and dry—looking like a snow bank, or an extensive depot of salt.

☞ A lad in New Brunswick died after an illness of forty-eight hours, from the effects of having eaten a quantity of dried apples at one time, and shortly afterwards drinking beer on them, which created a fermentation, and produced a most unnatural swelling in his stomach, and stoppage of the intestinal canal.

☞ The cost to the county of Warren, N. J., for the trials of the men charged with the murder of the Castner family, paid previous to May, was $8,461 57, and more expenses will still be incurred.

☞ Mr. Robert S. Moore, late purser in our navy, has sent home to Newbern, N. C., the very belt of iron to which Christopher Columbus was chained, when in prison at St. Domingo.

☞ Sir Charles Metcalf has granted an unconditional pardon to Gen. McLeod for the part he took in the late Canadian rebellion. He has been in exile in this country since 1837.

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☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Notices of New Works.

ANECDOTES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, is the title and subject of one volume of Parley's Cabinet Series.—Among all the studies for youth Natural History is one of the best. It teaches mercy and consideration for the subjects of that great realm, over which man has dominion, but which he has no right to abuse, either through cruelty or mere caprice. There is no better way to inculcate kindness to animals than by showing what claims they possess upon our thoughts, and how richly they repay our attentive study and attention. To say that Peter Parley had not done this well, would be to offer something new to the reader—but in this particular we have, to day no news. *Zieber & Co.* have the book.

HARPERS' PICTORIAL BIBLE. The thirtieth number of Harpers' new Pictorial Bible has been received by *Lindsay & Blakiston,* by *T. B. Peterson,* and by *Zieber & Co.* This magnificent volume is now more than half completed; and it is earnestly to be hoped that its wide circulation, in so beautiful a form, will beguile many into a knowledge of its letter and spirit, who have hitherto been unacquainted with the one, and unattentive to the other. The Messrs Harpers will live as household benefactors by this publication, long after the time when their names might otherwise have been forgotten. It is the work by which their house will be remembered.

OCEAN WORK, *Ancient and Modern. By J. Hall Wright. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* Really Shakespeare should have included the sea in his mention of places containing things undreamed of in "your philosophy." We had no fancy, till we glanced over this little book, that such a "spirit" and amusement could be called from the "vasty deep," and the author has not only called, but it has come at his calling. The book is by the author of "Breakfast Table Scenes," and is a most excellent companion for that little work.

LARDNER'S LECTURES. *New York: Greely & McElrath. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson,* and *Zieber & Co.* The Fourth Part of this publication is illustrated with an engraving of a Lunar Crater, done in a very superior manner, and another in the same style of "Tycho at the Full Moon." Other illustrations accompany and add interest to the number. Of the manner in which the subjects embraced are treated, many of our readers may be fully aware, from having heard the Lecturer, or read the preceding parts.

SATANSTOE. *New York: Burgess & Stringer. Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.,* and *T. B. Peterson.* We are not prepared to speak critically of the inside of this book—but the paper cover strikes us as slight. Satanstoe should be done up in leather at the very least, if not sent to a blacksmith. Of the appreciation of Cooper abroad see new testimony in our correspondent's letter from Frankfort. There is no doubt whatever that this book is a readable one—since the author has written but one that is not.

ILLUMINATED SHAKSPEARE. Another double number of this magnificent work has made its appearance, and in the character of its embellishments is fully equal to its predecessors. The illustration of this work does Mr. Hewett's burin a great deal of credit; and the notes prepared and arranged by Gulian C. Verplanck, are a testimony to his erudition.

CHRISTIAN WORLD. *Edited by T. H. Stockton.* We have received the Second Quarterly part of the new issue of this work, and find it well filled with a great variety of original matter and Religious Intelligence, domestic and foreign.

MR. WILLIS'S NEW BOOK.—We are happy to learn that Mr. Willis's new book, "Dashes at Life with a free Pencil," is travelling off with rapidity almost unexampled. It will be followed by a re-publication of his Romances of Travel.

Casualties.

DISASTER AND LOSS OF LIFE.—The whaling ship Maria Theresa, Capt. Fisher, which sailed from New Bedford on the 1st of May, for the Indian Ocean, returned again on the 9th inst., having had her first officer, a boat-steerer and three of her men washed overboard in a W. N. W. gale of the 14th, in which the ship was thrown on her beam ends. Capt. Fisher and four of the crew were also washed overboard at the same time, but succeeded in regaining the ship. The following are the names of the persons lost:—Benjamin Golden, first mate, of New Bedford; Henry J. Tucker, boat-steerer, of Cambridge, Oliver C. Roberts, of Grafton, N. H., Wm. H. Albright, of Bethlehem, N. Y., and William Gage, of Buffalo, N. Y., seamen.

☞ During the thunder storm of Tuesday week, the hotel of Mr. Samuel Colp, at Barren Hill, on the Ridge Turnpike Road, was struck by lightning, and his son, Wm. Colp, a young married man, was killed while sitting in the bar-room. He was leaning back against the wall—no other persons were hurt, nor was the building injured, except that the top of the chimney and the mantel in the bar-room were demolished.

☞ The Maysville (Ky.) Eagle says: We learn by a gentleman just from Nicholas county, that Mr. Jonathan Parish, of that county, accidentally shot his wife with a gun one day last week. Mr. P. had recently purchased the gun and brought it home loaded. He was picking at the lock which had gotten out of order, when the gun went off. The ball entered the lady's body and she died in twelve hours afterwards.

New York City.

EMIGRANTS.—The New York Express states that the number of emigrants arrived in that city, for the week ending the 10th of June, 1845, is 2,230—for the month ending the same date, 6,265. Of these 5,907 were Irish. Of these, 120 sailed from London; 362 from Dublin; 150 from Glasgow; 244 from Belfast, and the remainder from Liverpool. From France, via Havre, the arrivals of steerage passengers up to the same period, were 1,318; from various continental ports, 1,156, viz: Rotterdam 387, Hamburgh 66, Antwerp 78, Bremen 625. Total number of steerage passengers arrived from Europe in the moth ending June 10th, 1845, 9,441.

☞ There are 391 periodicals published in the State of New York. Of these there are 13 daily, 6 semi-weekly, 2 tri-weekly, and 83 weekly Whig newspapers. There are 8 daily, 3 semi-weekly and 95 weekly Democratic papers. There are 9 daily, 5 semi-weekly, 1 tri-weekly and 83 weekly papers which are neutral, religious, literary, &c. There are 2 daily and 1 weekly Native papers in the State.

☞ The number of Colleges in the State of New York is 12; Students, 985; of Academies and Grammar Schools, 501; Scholars, 34,563; of Primary and Common Schools, 10,871, Scholars, 501,156; Scholars at Public Charge, 26,266. There are 48,715 white persons over twenty years of age who cannot read and write.

☞ The members of the bar in New York have raised by subscription nearly one thousand dollars, for the relief of the widow and family of the late Rivers S. Wilson. They were left in a most destitute condition, which is now happily alleviated by this most praiseworthy generosity.

☞ The New York Historical Society are not without supporters in the scheme of new naming the United States, if we may credit the Broadway Journal. A new sign has recently been hung out in the upper part of Broadway, bearing this startling inscription:—"*The Alleghania. Best of Liquors three cents per glass.*" This is the most encouraging sign for the Alleghanians that we have met with. An Alleghanian "smasher" for three cents is cheap enough. The proprietor will reckon, as a matter of course, on the entire patronage of the amateurs in national nomenclature.

☞ The New York Sun says that an enterprising citizen, Mr. Charles Whitson, on the 1st of May last established a new line of omnibusses to Yorkville and Harlgate ferry; reducing the fare to 6¼ cents. The line become very popular. Last week, some villain managed to get at the trough, in which the horses drank, and poisoned the water. Thirty-six horses drank of it, and they have all become sick. Seven of them have died. The owners of the other line have offered two hundred dollars reward for the detection of the perpetrator.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.
NUMBER FOURTEEN.

AMERICAN BOOKS IN GERMANY—SEVERE COLD AND DISTRESS OF THE POORER CLASSES—THE FRANKFORT FAIR—THE "EAGLE'S NEST."

Frankfort on the Main, March 26, 1845.

I have just seen in the window of a bookstore here, the first number of a translation of Bancroft's History of the United States, published by Wigand; in Leipzic. I am very glad of it, as there is no good history of America in German, and notwithstanding every body has heard of it, the people are in a state of the greatest ignorance concerning its condition. We have often difficulty in convincing intelligent, educated men, that we are more than half civilized. Thanks to Cooper and Irving, they know we are far enough advanced to have authors; I doubt if these two are much better known, or more universally admired at home than in Germany. Nearly every body reads Cooper, and by many he is preferred to Scott. I have met with most enthusiastic admirers of Irving also, and from these two authors the people seem to derive their ideas of our country. All changes go on so slowly with them, that they seem to think the half-civilized, half-Indian life of the Pioneers, or Last of the Mohicans, still prevails to a great extent. They are beginning to learn better, partly through the great increase of Americans, who travel, and partly from the important stand our literature is taking. Prescott's Histories have also been published here; and Bandry's English editions of him and Bancroft, published at Paris, are often met with, but under the head of *British* authors. The "Life and Remains of Margaret M. Davidson," by Irving, has lately been published here, and is read with the greatest interest. Bartlett's Views of North America, with descriptions by Willis, has also appeared, and it excites the greatest admiration, particularly in Frankfort, where the brother of the latter, Richard S. Willis, is beginning to be known by his great musical genius. Of our poets, they know but little, except through a few translations from Bryant, Longfellow, and Percival. Freiligrath, the young poet, who was so lately banished on account of his political opinions, translated many of Longfellow's poems, and expressed his intention to translate those of Willis also, but his present situation will probably prevent it.

The promise of spring which I gave in my last letter, was not destined for fulfilment. Shortly afterwards, it grew very cold again, and we have had nearly ever since a succession of snows and sharp northerly winds. Such weather at the commencement of spring is not uncommon at home; but here they say there has not been such a winter known for 150 years. In addition to this, they forebode an inundation of the rivers, from the great quantity of snow among the mountains. In the Taunus the ways were almost blocked up, and in Munich, which lies very high and exposed to the Alpine winds, it was ten or fifteen feet deep. In the north of Prussia many persons have been starved to death on account of provisions becoming scarce. Among the Harz also, the suffering is very great. It is sad to think of it: we can even see something of the misery here. It is painful to walk through the streets and see so many faces bearing plainly the marks of want, so many pale, hollow-eyed creatures, with suffering written in every feature, and to be assailed with petitions for help which cannot be relieved, though it pains and saddens the heart to deny. And to see the women, too! how they labor like brutes, day after day. I can never get used to it—there is something so revolting to humanity in the sight. Still, many of them appear cheerful and contented, and are no doubt happy, for the Germans have all true, warm hearts, and are faithful to one another; but one cannot see old, gray-headed women, carrying loads on their heads as heavy as themselves, exposed to all kinds of weather, and working from morning till night, without pity and indignation.

So unusually severe has been the weather, that the deers and hares in the mountains near, came nearly starved and tamed down by hunger, into the villages to hunt food. The people fed them every day, and also carried grain into the fields for the partridges and pheasants, who would fly up to them like domestic fowls. The poor ravens made me really sorry; they lay dead in the fields, and came in the city perfectly tame, flying along the Main with wings hardly strong enough to bear up their skeleton bodies. The storks came at the usual time, but went back again. I hope the year's blessing has not departed with them, according to the old German superstition.

However, we have hopes of spring at last.—Three days ago the rain began and we have had it with little intermission till now. The air is warm and the snow goes fast, and every thing seems to announce that the long winter is breaking up. The Main rises fast, and goes by the city like an arrow, whirling large masses of ice upon the banks, though there is reason to hope the flood will not be as great as was anticipated. The hills around are coming out from under the snow, and the lilac-buds in the promenades, begin to open for the second time.

The Fair has now commenced in earnest, and it is one of the most singular and interesting sights I ever beheld. The open squares are filled with booths, leaving narrow streets between them. Across the passages canvass is spread, and every booth is open and filled with a dazzling display of wares of all kinds. Merchants assemble from all parts of Europe, and each hangs out a gay sign with his name and residence. The Bohemians come with their gorgeous crystal ware; the Nurembergers with their toys, quaint and fanciful as the old city itself; men from the Thuringian forest, with minerals and canes, and traders from Berlin, Vienna, Paris and Switzerland, with dry goods and wares of all kinds. Near the Exchange are two or three companies of Tyrolese, who attract a great deal of my attention. Their costume is exceedingly picturesque. The men have all splendid manly figures, and honor and bravery are written on all their countenances. One of the girls is a really handsome mountain maiden, and with her pointed, broad-brimmed black hat, as romantic looking as one could desire. The musicians have arrived, and we are entertained the whole day long by wandering bands, some of whom play very finely. The best, as well as the favorite company, is from Saxony, and is called "The Mountain Boys." They are now playing in our street, and while I write, one of the beautiful choruses from Norma comes up through the din of the crowd. In fact, music is heard over the whole city, and the throngs that fill every street, with all sorts of faces and dresses, somewhat relieve the monotony that was beginning to make Frankfort tiresome.

We have an ever-varied and ever-interesting scene from our window. Beside the motley crowd of passers-by, there are booths and tables stationed below, and one man in particular is busily engaged in selling his store of blacking in the auction style, in a manner that would do credit to a real Down-easter. He has flaming certificates exhibited, and prefaces his calls to buy with a high-sounding description of its wonderful qualities. He has a bench in front, where he tests it on the shoes of his customers, or if none of these are disposed to try it, he tries it on his own which glance like mirrors. So he rattles on with amazing fluency in French, German and Italian, and this, with his black beard and moustache, and his polite graceful manners, keeps a crowd of customers around him, and the wonderful blacking goes off as fast as he can supply it.

Many of the booths are filled with the most beautiful fancy articles. Some of them have the regular price, nine kreuzers, about 6 cents, for every article, and it is astonishing how many things they furnish for this price. There are very large booths, entirely with jewelry, real and counterfeit; others with glass or porcelain, and a great number with toys, but the trade in pipes and shoes exceeds all the rest. The former article is furnished almost by millions. Some of them are of very fine porcelain with beautiful paintings upon them, and one can have them of all prices, from 9 kreuzers to a hundred florins or more. There are also great quantities of tin and wooden ware. In the Parade Platz, a group of tents are pitched, with conjurors, panoramas, marionetts, &c., and it is the greatest amusement to walk there and observe the many ridiculous scenes that occur. The city is filled with organ-grinders, Savoyards with monkeys and dancing dogs, and the streets show such an animation and bustle, that they can scarcely be recognized.

I heard a few nights ago another of the old German operas—"The Eagle's Nest," by Glosser. It is singular none of these simple and beautiful works have found their way out of Germany, and still more so, that they are not oftener given here. Frankfort, is at present almost the only place where they are heard. I saw a few weeks ago, Winter's "Interrupted Sacrifice," and was delighted with its simple and exquisite beauty, but this last one far excels it. The principal character is Rosa, a peasant girl, among the Giant's Mountains, who having been secretly married to a forester who afterwards deserted her, is obliged to keep her infant concealed among the mountains. Finally, having disclosed her history to the kind old landlord she was living with, they were about setting out to visit it when the peasants came in terror from the mountains, and a large eagle was seen bearing off the child in its claws. When the mother recovered, she set off alone to seek the eagle's nest, which was at the top of an almost inaccessible precipice, while the peasants all fell on their knees. Their hymn as she was seen ascending the rocks was thrillingly beautiful. The third act opens with the summit of the mountain, rocks and clouds all around, in the back-ground a thunder-storm, and in front a huge rock, on which was the eagle's nest. Then came the hunter, climbing up from below, unconscious of the eagle's spoil, and sheltered himself from the storm among the rocks. Soon after appeared the daring mother, exhausted, and ascended a rock overhanging the precipice. They recognized each other, and she told him, in agony, of her child; but he could not fire without danger of striking it also. Just then a tree that stood on the rock was shivered and fell across the chasm. The mother crossed over on this frail bridge, the eagle raised itself up and the hunter shot. While she poured out her song of joy at the rescue of her child, the chorus of peasants was heard far below, coming gradually nearer and nearer as they ascended the mountain. It was full of feeling and beauty.

I saw last night, Spohr's great opera of "Faust." It is a master-piece of its kind; full of power, though its similarity to Mozart's "Don Juan," was rather too striking. The continued struggle of Faust between the good and evil principle was exceedingly well portrayed, and many passages were sweet and touching almost to a painful degree. It is an enjoyment I cannot describe, to hear such glorious works.

J. B. T.

Army & Navy.

☞ The Secretary of the Navy has issued an order to all officers in the Naval service of the United States, to afford every assistance in their power, in case of need, to the commanders of her Britannic Majesty's ships Erebus and Terror, who are proceeding to make a further attempt for the accomplishment of a north-west passage by sea, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

☞ We are informed, says the Arkansas Intelligencer of the 24th ult., that a Court Martial will sit at Fort Smith, on the 2d proximo, to investigate certain charges preferred against Col. Harney, of the Dragoons. What are the charges we have not learned. Many distinguished officers of the Army will be present.

Fires.

☞ The Pittsburg Post says:—"One of our most worthy citizens has been burnt out no less than *four* times within the last two months. He was one of the many hundreds who suffered on the 10th of April; on the 27th of May, he was again caught in the fire on Seventh street; from there he moved to Brighton, Beaver County, where his ill luck appeared to follow him, and he was again burnt out by the fire that occurred in that place. Since then he has been purchasing things to make another start, and we understand they were all consumed in one of the buildings that was burnt on Penn street, on Tuesday morning."

DREADFUL FIRE AT PROVIDENCE.—A disastrous fire occurred in Providence on Saturday last. It broke out in the planing works on Fox street, about half past one o'clock in the morning, and in a few minutes the whole edifice was in flames; nothing was saved, so rapid was the progress of the fire. It communicated to several adjoining buildings, and before it could be arrested, destroyed the manufactory of Thurston, Green & Co., a barn south of the planing works, and a dwelling house. The total loss, it is supposed, will exceed $60,000, and about 150 men are thrown out of employment.

GREAT FIRE.—The village of Ithaca, New York, has again been the scene of a destructive fire, the work of an incendiary. It took place on Tuesday morning week, and extended over nearly all the square bordered by Cayuga, Oswego, Geneva and Green streets. Twelve buildings burned, besides barns and other outbuildings in the centre of the square. Loss about $12,350—insured about $5,750 in the New York Contributionship, Etna, Hartford and Saratoga Companies. Three persons have been arrested and are in jail. The Trustees offer $500 reward for the discovery of the incendiaries.

☞ On Sunday week a fire broke out in the frame buildings on the north-west corner of Main and Court streets. Several persons suffered considerable injury by the fire and water. Messrs. Raymond & Valette, hatters, suffered loss to extent of about $400—covered by insurance; S. H. Parvin & Co., hatters, about $400—insured; Samuel Burdsal, druggist, about $2,000—insured for $1,500; Mr. McClosky, saddler, $300—insurance uncertain; Mr. Baldwin, painter, $300 to $400—no insurance. The fire originated in the tailor shop.

FIRE IN PITTSBURG.—A fire occurred, on Tuesday week in Pittsburg, in Brewery Alley, between Liberty and Penn streets, which consumed five frame dwelling houses, and several shops and stables—owned by Messrs. Flood & McCullough; the Pittsburg Brewery and S. McClean's brick dwelling were materially injured.

☞ The Academy of Fine Arts has been a second time fired, but the building is not yet destroyed. A reward of $300 is offered for the detection of the villains.

GREAT FIRE IN FAYETTEVILLE.—A fire occurred in Fayetteville, N. C., on the 10th instant, which reduced one half of the town to ruins. It originated in the warehouse of D. & W. McLaurin. Among the names of the sufferers we observe Charles Lutterloh, E. Fuller, D. A. Kay, J. W. Tillinghast, Mott & Briggs, H. Leete, A. W. Steel, W. Prior, W. M'Gary, J. D. Williams, John Waddle, Jr., J. D. Starr, E. J. Lilly, J. Keyle, and estate of J. McAm. Both bookstores and both printing offices were burned.

"DICKENS' PLACE" SWEPT OUT.—A fire occurred in New York on Thursday night week. All the property destroyed lay between Orange and Mulberry streets, in the immediate neighborhood of the Five Points—well known as the great sink of iniquity into which all the sewers of immorality in New York pour whatever is loathsome and vile. The celebrated dancing den of Pete Williams, which Dickens visited when in that city, was burnt to ashes.

☞ On Tuesday evening a fire was designedly set, in Spring Garden, which destroyed three three story brick buildings, in Green street near Thirteenth. Two of them were unfinished, and were entirely destroyed. The third was tenanted and sustained much damage in the roof and upper story. The property belonging to Mr. James Davis, Lumber Merchant.

☞ The Neats-foot oil manufactory of Mr. Wetherald, at Wilmington, Delaware, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night week.

VANDALISM.

The destruction of the Panorama of Athens, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the firing of the Academy of Fine Arts in this city, are examples of Vandalism which could hardly have been dreamed of in this century. The Vandals destroyed the trophies of art in their ignorance, and while exasperated by resistance, and elated by victory. These modern wretches, without any conceivable excitement or motive, have effected in their wanton and purposeless wickedness, the destruction of invaluable works, which can never be replaced.

Our notice of the fire at the Academy, in our last, was necessarily brief. We subjoin, today some notice of the paintings and other works saved and lost; premising that nothing like a full and accurate account can be given, until the officers of the Academy have time to examine, and make a report. It is earnestly to be hoped that the lovers of art, and the whole public—as all are interested, will come forward, to make up, so far as it can be done by money, and the purchase of other works of art, the great loss which has been sustained.

The large and splendid group in the centre of the rotunda, representing the battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, by J. Lough, was fortunately uninjured.

Gilbert Stuart's celebrated full length portrait of Washington was torn or cut from the frame, and was thus saved, but somewhat injured.

Murillo's much admired picture of the Roman daughter who nourished her father, when condemned to be starved to death in the Tullian prison, was entirely destroyed. This picture was highly valued, and formerly belonged to King Charles the Fourth, of Spain, by whom it was given to Godoy, the Prince of Peace. It was purchased by the Academy, from Mr. Meade, American Consul at Valencia.

Carlo Lotti's painting of the Temptation of Adam and Eve was saved, with but little injury.

The "Miracle at Cana—water turned into wine," was injured but saved.

Salvator Rosa's landscape, Mercury endeavoring to deceive Argus while watching Io, is missing, as are four pictures of The Seasons, by Angelica Kauffman, and probably destroyed. Several other paintings of minor importance, which were with the above in the rotunda, are also missing.

In the North gallery, West's great painting of Death on the Pale Horse, was only rescued from destruction by being torn from the frame. It is much injured but may be repaired.

The Adoration, supposed to be by Rubens, was also injured.

Wm. Hayden's large painting of Christ entering Jerusalem, was also torn from the frame, and saved in a damaged state; the injuries are not very great.

Le Brun's painting of Time flogging Cupid; F. Mans' River Scene and Village Revel; Sully's Group of Children, and Raphael's Fareno, the latter a copy, are missing.

Washington Allston's large and fine painting of the Dead Man restored to Life, by touching the Bones of the Prophet Elisha, was saved by being stripped from the frame, and but slightly injured.

L. Carrachi's Judith with the Head of Holofernes is missing, as are also Sully's Kean, as Richard the Third; Sully's Fanny Kemble, as Juliet; an old Head by Salvator Rosa, and several other pictures in this room, of minor value.

David's picture of Samson and Delilah was supposed at first to be lost, but was afterwards recovered.

A large number of the paintings, busts and casts in the Directors' room are missing, and many have probably been entirely destroyed. Among the latter is a copy of Titian's Mistress, belonging to J. G. Morris, Esq.; a Madonna and Child, belonging to Paul Beck's trust, and a portrait of Professor Dugald Stewart, of Edinburg, painted by Sir H. Raeburn, and owned by the Academy.

The Antique Statue Gallery suffered the most, and the destruction here was truly deplorable. Nearly all the beautiful castes and statues were destroyed, producing a loss to the Academy and artists and the public, which can never perhaps be repaired. Canova's beautiful statues of the Graces, the Bust of Napoli, Lough's Colossal Cast of Milo, Laocoon and his Sons, Venus de Medici, Apollo Belvidere, The Dying Gladiator, and, as stated, all or nearly all the splendid castes and models from the antique and the celebrated masters of the world, which adorned this Gallery, have been reduced to a mass of ruins.

SANTA ANA.

Our last news give conclusive intelligence of the result of the proceedings against Santa Ana. He arrived at Havana on the 7th inst., having been banished from Mexico. His passage was made in the British steamer Medway, and with his family, he was to proceed to Venezuelas. The decree of banishment commanded an absence of ten years, but his private property was respected; he had with him a large amount of money, and was in good health and spirits. The Habaneros showed him every demonstration of respect, escorting him to his lodgings with bands of music; while Bustamente, who arrived a day or two afterward, on his way to Mexico was hardly noticed.

It is stated that all anticipations of war between the United States and Mexico had subsided—and a strong practical evidence that such was the case, is the fact that the Neptune, the property of the Mexicans, had been ordered to New York to refit, which would of course not have been done if the owners were apprehensive of such an event. The French Legation had been insulted in the streets of Vera Cruz; and the Minister had instantly demanded reparation for the indignity, or the alternative of furnishing him with his passports.

☞ A lady residing near Grand Rapids, has determined to visit the Chinese in the character of a gospel missionary, and application to that effect has been made to the Board of Foreign Missions, which will probably aid her in the design to Christianize this extraordinary people.

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The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

600 shares Reading R. R.	27
100 do. Wilmington R. R.	18¼
41 do. Girard Bank,	[illegible]
25 do. Lehigh Stock,	15
20 do. Union Bank, Penn,	27
15 do. Philadelphia Bank,	100
12 do. Far. and Mec. Bank,	42½
9 do. Commercial Bank, Natchez,	17½
$1200 U. States Bank Notes,	72½
$2000 Tenn. Bonds, 5's,	83½
$16,200 Penna. 5's, B5	75¼a75½
$15,000 Penna 5's, 5do	75½
$13,000 Penna 5's,	75¼
$20,000 Penna 5's,	75¼

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Bark—No sales of quercitron; 1st No. 1 is held at $32. *Coffee*—This article has been very quiet, and the only sale reported in a lot of common Rio at 6¼c, 6 mos, to go out of the market. *Cotton*—The past three days the demand has become more limited, but prices have not varied, and holders appear very firm in their views. Sales are in all about 350 bales, mostly uplands. Middling fair at 6¾a6⅞c, and New Orleans and Mobile at 7a7¼c, on the usual terms. *Fish*—Mackerel go off freely in lots from store at $12.25, 11.50 and $7 for the three numbers. Stocks continue very light. *Fruit*—Sales are limited to the usual retail demand from store. *Flour and Meal*—There has not been much animation in the flour market since the close of last week, and sales only to a moderate extent have been made for export at $4,25 for common and fair mixed brands, and $4,44a4,50 for good and selected brands and fresh ground, a cargo of which sold at the latter rate. The retail demand is also quite moderate, and prices range from $4,25a5, including common and fancy brands. Rye flour dull, and held at $3,00. Corn Meal—Stocks are much reduced, and sales to some extent were made at $2,15 for Pa., including about 800 bbls at $2,18¾, which is an advance. *Grain*—Receipts of wheat are quite light, and the demand rather better.—Sales of several parcels Pa. reds, afloat and in store, at 90a95c for inferior to fair; 98c for prime, and 103c for red and white mixed. Rye—Pa. sold at 50a60c. Corn—Sales of southern yellow at 43a42½c, and Pa. round at 45c. Oats are in demand—several cargoes southern sold at 31a32. The market has been rather more quiet. *Lead*—The market is firm; we notice a sale at $3,72½, 6 mos; holders generally ask $3,75. *Molasses*—There is no change since last week, and the only transaction we find to notice is a sale of 130 hhds Porto Rico, on landing, at a price not public. In *Naval Stores* and *Oils* there is not much doing, and no alteration whatever in prices. *Plaster* in rather better demand; sales at $2,37½a2,50.—*Provisions*—Further sales of pork at $13.25 and 10.75 for mess and prime, 4 mos. Bacon is firm at 6a6½, 7a7½c, and 7½a8¼c for shoulders, sides and hams. Lard—Sells as wanted at 8a8½c, as in quality. Rice—Small sales at $3,75 the 100 lbs. Salt—None in first hands. *Seeds*—Little or nothing doing in either clover or flaxseed, and prices without change. *Sugar*—The market is without animation; sales of fair New Orleans at 6a5½c, and white Brazil at 8½c, all 6 mos. *Whiskey* is dull; we quote bbls 20½a21c, hhds 20c.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—At market 975 head of beef cattle, including 380 from Ohio. 900 head, including 600 for New York, sold at $5a6,50 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—212 offered—Sales of dry cows at $8a12; springers $10a18, and milch cows $15a25 each. Sales of Jersey calves on the Delaware at $4a4,50, and Pa. do at the yards $3,50a4 per 100 lbs, live weight. Swine—600 were offered, and 350 sold, at $4,75a5,25. Sheep and Lambs—1800 offered; sales at $1,50a4,50, and lambs at $1,25a3 each.

New York, June 16.—At market, 1100 beef cattle, 875 from the south, 90 cows and calves, and 1500 sheep and lambs Prices—Beef Cattle—The market last week was unusually dull, and the transactions were smaller than they have been for three months past. Buyers were very backward, and of the comparatively small offering 850 remain unsold. Holders, notwithstanding, still hold out for, and in some instances have succeeded in obtaining last week's prices, which we accordingly resume: for inferior and middling qualities, $5 to 5,50; superior $6,75, and a few extra at $7. Cows and Calves—Prices have experienced a considerable decline; we quote $13a25 to $28—all sold. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep $1,25a2,50 to $3,25—a decline of 25c on the prices of last week.

Baltimore, June 13.—Beef Cattle—There were 380 head beef cattle offered at the scales on Monday. The sales were 212 head, at $2a3 per 100 pounds on the hoof, equal to $4a5,73 nett, which is a considerable decline on last week's quotations. 177 head were left over unsold, and 111 head driven to Washington and Philad. Seventy head of those left over have since been sold at $2a2,75 per 100 lbs on the hoof, which is equal to $4a5,25 nett, according to quality. The remainder are still in market, unsold. Hogs—Sales have been making at $4,50 to $5 per 100 lbs. The average operations, however, have been at $4,87½.

Richmond, June 12.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2,50a2,75; nett $5,50a6, according to quality.—Mutton—2a2½c, nett, according to quality. Lambs from $1,50 to $2. Veals from $3 to 6, according to size and quality.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Subscribers will find all remittances credited below. Those living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked,* if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us if attention was generally paid to this matter. It would be as well in as many cases as possible for the subscriber to write his own letter, and subject it to the inspection of the Post Master before sealing, as a mere line approving of the letter, and a frank on the outside will be all that the law requires, and will relieve him from much trouble.

Receipts for the United States Saturday Post from the 3d to the 16th June.

June 3, received from			
Capt. P. Gaffney	$1 25	J. H. Thurlow	4 00
Capt. N. D. Bealey	1 25	J. M. Newton	1 50
B. W. Burns	5 00	W. T. Lyon	1 25
J. W. Lewis	10 00	C. Solis	4 00
J. B. Wathen	2 00	S. B. Roberts	2 00
N. Spears	2 00	G. Helmbold	2 00
Miss H. Young	2 00	L. Cooley	2 00
Prof. A. F. Ross	5 00		
June 4.			
S. R. Pierce	5 00	J. Garner	2 00
H. P. Coe	2 00	S. F. Abbott	2 00
Jane Burson	7 00	W. C. Mershon	2 00
W. H. Healy	2 00	A. Thomas	1 00
J. T. Clemens	1 00	N. D. Hall	2 00
T. Dennison	2 00	S. B. Worth	2 00
W. C. Garrett	12 00		
June 5.			
J. P. White	2 00	G. F. Hupp	2 00
H. E. Allen	2 00	J. Anderson	2 00
E. Willsey	2 00	A. A. Miles	2 00
N. Chandler	2 00	C. W. James, agt.	150 00
T. W. Gibb	3 00	D. C. McCormick	1 50
H. P. Cromwell	5 00	N. W. Williams	1 50
G. Scott	1 00	G. Reynolds	2 00
W. Trossell	2 00	D. Farrell	1 50
S. H. Miller	2 00	E. Simcock	1 50
June 6.			
E. Crosby	8 00	J. Manderson	2 00
J. Dessaunce	1 00	M. Slecht	2 00
G. B. Lewis	2 00	W. Z. Warley	15 00
R. M. Newman	2 00	A. Uber	4 00
Miss B. Wilson	2 00	S. Sloan	4 00
J. W. Engleman	2 00	M. W. Aithen	2 00
J. Blanchard	2 00	Capt. G. W. Yates	2 00
June 7.			
R. Reade	2 00	J. S. Jeffries	2 00
J. S. Caldwell	2 00	P. Wheeler	2 00
J. K. Bayliss	1 00	B. R. Deal	16 00
Maj. T. W. Robeson	2 00	W. S. Moore	2 00
Dr. J. H. Delany	2 00	S. Knight	2 00
S. Price	2 00	A. Maxwell	2 00
H. McCutcheon	2 00	R. C. Noe	2 00
J. McLean	5 00	D. Paley	1 00
Brown & Merriam	1 00		
June 9.			
Eliza Ogleby	1 00	A. H. Arndt	3 00
J. H. Wilkes	5 00	P. W. Thorn	4 00
J. Cole	2 00	J. Means	2 00
H. Hardison	4 00	J. Everhart	1 00
T. M. Preston	6 00	Dr. W. H. Tarply	2 00
W. W. Watkins	2 00	S. H. Butler	6 00
J. L. Sanders	2 00	A. McCallum	2 00
A. Ely	2 00	D. S. Hewson	2 00
M. W. Adams	5 00	W. L. Brown	2 00
June 10.			
Miss S. C. Way	2 00	J. H. Boone	2 00
J. Lawson	2 00	L. Gunnell	2 00
J. J. Mays	1 00	J. Boyd	2 00
L. Chase	1 25	H. Boone	2 00
J. Brown	5 00	J. Robinson	2 00
Dr. W. Rich	2 00	J. Woodside	2 00
Miss M. Surachey	2 00	C. P. Howell	6 00
June 11.			
Miss M. Troup	2 00	J. Baker	15 00
Revs W. C. Dana	2 50	D. Wethrow	2 00
J. Atkinson	2 00	F. Beidler	2 00
J. Van Vleck	2 00	P. S. Duval	1 50
H. B. Gregory	5 00	S. Heffer	2 00
Mrs A. Brooks	2 00		
June 12.			
A. Goodwin	2 00	R. O. Fenton	1 00
Elizh. Stanger	2 00	O. H. P. Stem, agt.	43 00
J. P. Rittenhouse	2 00	S. C. Shotwell	2 00
R. Stewart, Jr.	16 00	S. Fowler	1 25
G. C. Shaw	2 00	J. H. Bruere	1 25
S. Trowbridge	1 00	B. H. Painter	4 00
F. Oliver	1 00	J. W. Edsen	2 00
L. Billinger	3 00	R. Laverty	2 00
J. H. Tolman	2 00	T. W. Smith	2 00
J. S. Kelsey	5 00		
June 13.			
J. Wall	5 00	W. Fottoral	5 00
J. C. Morgan, agt.	54 55	P. Erwin	2 00
Mrs. L. Bump	2 00	J. Redman	2 00
Dr. J. H. Cole	2 00	G. H. Childs	2 00
A. D. Grinnell	2 00	J. G. Browning	2 00
A. J. Sanderson	10 00	W. C. Hall	4 00
M. Elean	2 00	Mrs. T. Durant	2 00
J. W. Harris	5 00	S. C. Hood	2 00
J. McMillan	1 00	Dr. Van Dyke	6 00
J. Seal	2 00	B. Bulckand	2 00
J. Nelson	2 00	W. B. Wright	5 00
Geo. J. Little	2 00	R. Johnson	2 00
B. Wells	1 50	L. Johnson	2 00
W. S. Conover	1 50	Mrs. P. J. Huber	1 00
T. B. Ellis	2 00	S. W. R. Chorn	4 00
H. Holmesh	2 00	J. Rothrock	2 00
J. Swift	2 00	W. Taylor	4 00
June 14.			
G. Hoffstitler	1 00	C. Kinney	1 00
S. Y. Browning	8 00	C. H. Gratiot	2 00
J. Bean, Jr.	1 50	T. W. O. Braffet	2 00
G. R. Thornley	11 00	C. S. Bartlett	1 00
R. C. Taylor	2 00	J. D. Reed	4 00
J. Johnston, P. M.	11 00	P. R. Houston	2 00
A. Spalding	2 00	M. W. Freed	2 00
H. Stowell	2 00	J. C. Graves	2 00
Miss A. Ormrod	1 00	W. Howe	2 00
June 16.			
S. C. Trowbridge	5 00	L. Madaway	2 00
Miss A. W. Spooner	5 00	C. H. Vaughan	2 00
H. Allen	2 00	S. Hossaker	2 00
A. Cooper	2 00	H. Edwards	2 00
A. Hiatt	2 00	R. Gilman	1 50
H. Sewell	2 00	S. Parkison	4 00
B. W. Albertson	10 00	E. S. Pugh	2 00
J. W. Head	6 00	J. Williams	2 00

ALMANAC.

June, 1845.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
21 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	3 9	
22 Sunday,	4 35	7 25	3 59	S. S. R.
23 Monday,	4 35	7 25	4 34	
24 Tuesday,	4 35	7 25	5 18	
25 Wednesday,	4 35	7 25	6 9	New 4 8 7
26 Thursday,	4 35	7 25	6 53	First 13 10 42
27 Friday,	4 35	7 25	7 36	Full 19 6 17
28 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	9 6	Last 26 9 26

Married,

On the 10th inst. at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. G. W. Ridgely, SAMUEL C. BROWN, of New York, to ADRIAN E. only daughter of the late Thos. G. Kennedy, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. F. Ketcham, Mr. JOHN H. HAMRICK, of Kensington, to Miss RUTH L. TROY, of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Urie, Mr. ANDREW EMBURG, Jr. to Miss MARIA SYLVESTER, both of Southwark.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. R. White, Mr. JOHN CLIFFORD, to Miss SUSAN EWING, both of this city.

On the 13th of April, by the Rev. Lindley C. Butler, Mr. WILLIAM B. HOOD, of Dromore Township, Lancaster county, Pa. to Miss ELIZABETH A. daughter of Francis and Mary Mahen, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. McDowell, D. D., Mr. P. F. HAGAR, to Miss MARY, daughter of Robert Burkhart, all of this city.

At Cincinnati, on Thursday evening, 29th May, by the Rev. W. P. Strickland, Mr. JOHN P. GOULD, of Portsmouth, Ohio, formerly of Philada. to CAROLINE, daughter of Moses Brooks, Esq. of Cincinnati, Ohio.

At West Chester, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. John Crowell, THOMAS WILLIAMS, Jr. of this city, to ELIZABETH, daughter of Ziba Pyle, of the former place.

At Elizabethtown, N. J. on the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, CHARLES SHIPMAN, Esq. of Mount Holly, N. J. to Miss MARGARET B. daughter of the Hon. Wm. Chetwood, of the former place.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Janeway, HENRY MATHEWS, to Miss MARY, daughter of Richard Brook, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. S. G. Hare, Mr. THOS. HARE, to Miss MATILDA WHITE, both of Philadelphia.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. A. H. Lochman, Mr. W. MOORE, to Miss ANNA M. WOLF, both of Holland, York county, Pa.

On the 12th inst. by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. JOHN THOMAS, to ELIZABETH PICKERING, both of Southwark.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Joel Parker, Mr. WM. KING, to Miss ELIZABETH REEVES, all of this city.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. W. H. Odenheimer, ISAAC H. HOBBS, to MARY M. daughter of the late John McCormick, of this city.

Died,

On the 16th inst. of congestion of the brain, EDWARD L. CAREY, in the 41st year of his age.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. ANN DWIGHT, in the 39th year of her age.

On the 15th inst. WM. HENRY, son of Archibald McDONALD, in the 5th year of his age.

On the 15th inst. in the 5th year of his age, JAMES, son of Saml. and Ann Lennox.

On the 15th inst. MARTHA ANN, daughter of J. M. and Sarah W. Laird, in the 2d year of her age.

On the 16th inst. SYLVESTER, infant son of Lewis and Emeline Chester, in his 1st year.

On the 17th inst. JAMES S. MUIR, in the 39th year of his age.

On the 16th inst. JOHN T. TERRES, aged 32 years.

Suddenly, on the 14th inst. ELIZABETH HEARTT, daughter of Charles and Rebecca Harbert, aged 2 years and 9 days.

On the 14th inst. HENRY J. JONES, in the 60th year of his age.

On the 14th inst. GEORGE SHEPHERD, in the 25th year of his age.

On the 14th instant, ELIZA A. STOKES, wife of C. M. Stokes, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. ELLEN LAMBERT, wife of Gershom W. Lambert, in the 56th year of her age.

Near Pawtucket, R. I., 10th ultimo, Mr. THEODORE SCHROEDER, aged 34 years, formerly of Philada. Pa.

On the 13th inst. MARY HEANEY, widow of Mathew Heaney, deceased.

Suddenly, on the 13th inst. CASPAR M. infant son of Samuel and Lorania Brooks, aged 6 months.

On the 12th instant, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, daughter of Robert and Elizabeth Taylor, aged 6 years, 6 mos. and 20 days.

Suddenly, on the 13th inst. DAVID PORTER, son of Peter and Theresa Rambo, aged 5 years and 4 months.

On the 13th inst. CHARLES HENRY, son of Joel and Eliza A. Hager, in the 3d year of his age.

On the 13th inst. MARY, only daughter of Hiram and Melvina Miller.

On the 13th inst. THOMAS EGAN.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. MARTHA V. TUSSEY, wife of Mr. Isaac Tussey, in the 29th year of her age.

On the 13th inst. MILTON RITTER, son of Jacob S. and Sarah A. Ritter, aged 3 years and 7 months.

At Salem, N. J. on Friday, 13th inst. of consumption, Mr. DAVID WM. GIBBS, in the 19th year of his age, son of Rev. J. W. Gibbs, Pastor of the Baptist Church, of the above place. New York papers will please copy.

On the 17th instant, DANIEL SMITH, in the 45th year of his age.

On the 18th instant, JAMES WIDDIFIELD, in the 60th year of his age.

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 14, 1845.

INTERMENTS

In the city of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township and Kensington, From the 7th to the 14th June.

Diseases.	Adults.	Children.	Diseases.	Adults.	Children.
Asthma,	1	0	Brought over,	33	61
Abscess, Lumbar	1	0	—Puerperal,	1	0
Anemia,	0	1	—Scarlet,	0	10
Apoplexy,	3	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	0	4
Asphyxia,	0	1	—Bronchi,	2	3
Casualties,	2	1	—Lungs,	1	2
Croup,	0	3	—Stomach and Bowels,	2	3
Congestion of the Brain,	1	2	—Trachea,	1	0
Cholera Infantum,	0	19	—Kidneys,	0	1
—Morbus,	1	1	—Liver,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	11	4	Insanity,	1	0
Concussion of the Brain,	0	1	Inanition,	0	1
Convulsions,	0	12	Mania a Potu,	2	0
Diarrhœa,	2	3	Malformation,	0	1
Dropsy, Abdominal,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	6
—Head,	0	6	Measles,	0	3
Disease of Brain,	2	0	Mortification,	1	0
—Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
—Liver,	1	0	Palsy,	1	0
—Tubercular,	0	1	Purpura Hæmorrhagica,	0	1
Drowned,	1	2	Scirrhus of Bowels,	1	0
Dysentery,	2	2	Scrofula,	0	1
Debility,	0	2	Still Born,	0	6
Erysipelas,	0	1	Suicide,	1	0
Enlargement of the Heart,	1	0	Tetanus,	1	0
Fever,	0	1	Violence,	1	0
Carried over,	33	61	Total,	159—53	106

Of the above there were 8 from the almshouse, 1 from the country, and 16 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

June	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
8,	73	84	88
9,	83	90	95
10,	79	86	85
11,	81	87	86
12,	71	81	86
13,	77	84	89
14,	79	80	81

READ IT! IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, AND COMMENTS ARE UNNECESSARY.

Philadelphia, May 26, 1845.

DR. JAYNE,—Dear Sir: I feel bound to the afflicted to give publicity to the extraordinary effects of your valuable Medicines.

I have suffered for seven years past, with Liver Complaint, and the train of diseases which follow—a complete prostration of the system—so that it was with great difficulty I could walk one or two squares without resting, and at times I was confined to my room. To add to my misery, a Scrofulous affection appeared in my throat. I had the advice of some eminent physicians, and tried nearly all the remedies in such cases, but continued to grow worse, and finally became afflicted with Rheumatism in my arms, so that I could not raise my right arm to my head. In the hottest weather my feet and hands would ache with the cold, and perspiration had almost ceased. I now became afflicted with a dry hoarse cough, and gave up all hopes of ever getting well. I had, at this stage, night sweats, and little or no sleep, with frightful dreams and morbid headache. I seemed to be bordering on INSANITY, and was denied all mental study. I could not read a short paragraph in a newspaper without great difficulty. During this time I had great soreness in my stomach, which caused it to swell so much that I was unable to lie down, or even to recline, but had to be propped up in a chair. It seemed as though a speedy dissolution was taking place.

I now heard of your Medicines, and determined to try your SANATIVE PILLS, and to my surprise the soreness left me, so that I could walk about the house. I continued to improve from that time. Shortly after I commenced taking the Pills, my wife called at your Store, and stated my case to you, and you sent me a bottle of your SANATIVE, or LIFE PRESERVATIVE, and also word to come and see you, and you would investigate my case, and cure me. This I did not believe, as I felt I was beyond the reach of human skill. I continued to take your Alterative and Pills for one week, when I was able to call on you, at which time you gave me but little encouragement; but I continued taking your Medicines for three weeks, when there was a decided change for the better. When I called on you again, you then said I would get well, and that your Alterative would cure me effectually. With no hopes, however, of getting well, I still continued taking your Alterative, until I had taken the fourth bottle, when there was a sudden change in my whole system, as though I had got rid of some great burthen, and I could draw my breath as usual. My nerves gradually became strong, and my appetite returned.

It has been about four months since I commenced taking your Medicines, and at this time nearly every vestige of disease is eradicated from my system. I am as active, and nearly as strong, as at any period of my life. I have now gained nine pounds in two months.

I have good reason to believe that the use of your invaluable Medicines, by the help of God, has saved me from a premature grave.

JOSEPH BARBAR,
Hallowell Court, in Poplar Street,
between Seventh and Eighth sts.

☞ Prepared only by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

N. B.—No charge for Medical Advice. [je 21 3m.

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JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, ALTERATIVE or Life Preservative, HAIR TONIC, HAIR DYE, VERMIFUGE, CARMINATIVE, SANATIVE PILLS & AGUE PILLS;

but having also on hand a very large stock of DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, DYE STUFFS, ESSENTIAL OILS, GLASSWARE, PERFUMERY, &c.

In fact everything usually kept by wholesale dealers, and having made my purchases wholly for CASH and from first hands, I am enabled to execute orders, at as low prices, as pure, and unadulterated articles as can be obtained from any other establishment in the Union. Druggists, physicians, manufacturers and dealers are invited to call and examine my stock before they make their purchases.

DAVID JAYNE.

Philada., May 24, 1845. my 24 6m

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Respecting the advantages of this method of curing diseases, I offer the following testimonials. Extract from Dr. Washington L. Atlee's Lecture, introductory to the course of Medical Department of Pennsylvania College, Philadelphia, for the Session 1844-45:

"In Germany, indeed, under the name of *hydropathy,* it is regarded as a universal remedy, curing inflammations of the brain, chest, and abdomen, insanity, epilepsy, phthisis, gout, rheumatism, all exanthematous and cutaneous diseases, hemorrhages, alvine obstructions, syphilis, scrofula, neuralgia, &c. &c.—and even hydrophobia, the very *water-horror* itself, is effectually cured by this wonder-working *water-medicine!* whether by *submersion,* continued until the spasm has been *permanently* subdued or not, I have not been informed. Still, notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the followers of the 'primitive philosopher,' Priessnitz, we may truly exclaim with Southey,—

"Most blessed water! Neither tongue can tell
The blessedness thereof, nor heart can think,
Save only those to whom it hath been given.
To taste of that divinest gift of heaven.
I stooped and drank of that divinest well,
Fresh from the rock of ages, where it ran;
It had a heavenly quality to quell
All pain. I rose a renovated man;
And would not now, when that belief was known,
For worlds the needful suffering have foregone."

TRANSLATION.—FROM CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D. I take pleasure in certifying Dr. Leisering, that the Hydropathy, or the art of curing by means of cold water, is, according to my firm conviction and long experience, of exceedingly salutary effect on the human constitution, and particularly so in chronic diseases. Several of my acquaintances are indebted to this system for their final recovery, after having suffered for years of affections which defied the exertions of every medical skill. I am the more willing to give publicity to this testimonial and recommendation of Hydropathy, as I feel convinced that the treatment with cold water will not only cure all chronic affections, without impairing, but even with strengthening vitality. CONSTANTIN HERRING, M. D.

The same is corroborated by the testimonial of C. NEIDHARD, M. D., and several other physicians of high standing.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE, FOR JULY.

THE WISH OF THE WEARY WOMAN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A lone dame was she, she spared by time,
Till the slow century filled its prime;
Stretched on her bed, with half closed eye
It watched [illegible] shades flit by;
And [illegible] the [illegible] world of sound
To the dull ear [illegible] found;
While brow and head, [illegible] and dark,
Seemed like the hoarded oak's roughened bark.

Oh! e'er did youth or beauty flush
In days long past, yon living wreck?
Did blushes o'er that leathern cheek
The warmth of quick emotion speak?
Did roseate health that lip bedew?
And kindling love, for favor sue?
Alas! Alas! for those who bear
A hundred year's, earth's load of care!

'Twere vain to ask what legends old
That brain doth in its chambers hold;
What pictures in its gallery fade
By fancy sketched or hope portrayed,
For memory locks the sheltered door
Against the fond inquirer's lore,
And still that weary woman's eye
Doth gaze and fix on vacancy.

Yet the worn lungs spontaneous played,
The frigid heart pulsation made,
And helpless to the garden borne,
Or layed beside the blossomed thorn,
What time the vernal noon-tide hour
Gave quickening life to shrub and flower,
Methought their balmy breath renewed
The stagnant tides of curdling blood.

A knell burst forth! 'mid summer's pride
Its mournful cadence floated wide,
E'en o'er that rigid ear it stole,
And wrung a tear-drop from the soul.
Then, lo! a hoarse, sepulchral tone,
As when imprisoned waters moan,
Moved the parched lips to utterance free,
"Oh! when will that bell toll for me!"

"All, all are gone! the husband dear,
The loving child, the friend sincere;
Once, to their graves with grief I prest,
But now I bless their dreamless rest;
And here, amid a stranger-band,
Sad relic of the past I stand,
Dead at the root, a withered tree,
Oh! when will that bell toll for me?

"Hath death forgotten? Child and bride,
And babe, he gathereth to his side.
He finds them, wheresoe'er they rove,
In halls of pride, or bowers of love,
They fain would hide, while to his sight
I hasten, and his shafts invite.
Doth God forget? I bend the knee,
Oh! when will that bell toll for me!"

Scientific.

A CHAPTER ON EYES.

FROM THE POLYTECHNIC REVIEW.

Of all the various organs of sense, none have so frequently been the theme of a poet's laudations as the eye. Thus consecrated, by time and precedent, as the soft expressions have become, it would be difficult to select a page of rhyme, or rhythm, epic, didactic, lyrical, or dramatic, without finding some allusion to "burning glances," "gentle beamings," or some other poetical attribute of these highly prized and certainly very beautiful little ministers of our noblest sense.

Well! surely they are worthy enough of all this praise; but if repetition be destructive of the beauty of a poetical sentiment, (and but few will doubt it,) then we cannot but admit that the eyes, as regards their poetic attributes, are a somewhat hackneyed theme. It has recently occurred to us, however, that when musing in a kind of poetico-philosophical vein, that the subject of eyes is not yet threadbare; it has occurred to us that, without yielding ourselves up to that species of mental aberration which is usually termed poetical, without wandering in the world of dreams and spectres, and giving our imagination carte blanche over veracity, we might yet write a little about the eyes that is at once philosophical and poetical, and, strange enough to say, true withal.

To be serious! How beautiful is it to speculate on the nature of light! How delightful to trace the various forms of the visual organs as they appear in different animals, variously modified as they are to suit their various exigencies! How instructive to regard the clumsy means by which, in our optical instruments, we copy the effective, though simple handicraft of nature!

Understand our purpose well, then, reader. We do not intend to offer you anything like a treatise on the eye, either anatomical, optical, physiological, or physiological; no, nothing of the sort. We are now in that kind of mood to which most of us are strangers; too indolent to study, too fatigued to keep wide awake, yet too excited with philosophical musings to sleep, although ever and anon we sink into a kind of reverie. We could not for the life of us expound the rigid principles of a system—we are disinclined, in short, at the present moment, to direct our deepest, our most serious attention, to a philosophical subject; but we would fain amuse ourselves with it a little, and if possible we would also amuse you.

Very crude, indeed, were the opinions of the ancients with regard to the principles of light. Plato imagined it to consist of emanations from the eye itself, which by impinging on objects rendered them luminous; an idea poetical enough in itself, to be sure, but yet not very rational. It would serve, however, to render intelligible the expression of "burning glances," which, according to this Platonic theory, might be darted out from young ladies' eyes. Far more rational was the Pythagorean theory, that light, instead of being an emanation from the eyes themselves, was given off from luminous bodies, and impinged upon the eyes: this explanation is indeed the one now usually received, including as it does two rival theories, one that light consists of actual particles, the other that it consists of waves.

Whatever may be the intimate nature of light, whether it be really matter, or a motion amongst the particles of matter, or whether it be, according to Professor Oersted, merely a succession of electric sparks—its optical agencies (which is all that now concerns us) are evident enough;—it acts in straight lines, penetrates some bodies, is retarded by others; is of three primitive colors, which were formerly erroneously supposed to be seven, and occupies in travelling a perceptible space of time.

In tracing the gradual development of organs throughout the animal kingdom, we shall be frequently struck with this fact, that as we proceed low in the scale of creation, functions which in ourselves require localized and complex organs, are discharged in a much more simple way. Thus, for instance, in all mammalia there is a localized respiratory system consisting of organs called lungs, for the purpose of purifying blood by means of atmospheric air—indeed, all vertebrated animals possess localized organs for this purpose, of one construction or another; but on descending the scale, we find that the respiratory organs, although still specific, become disseminated throughout the body; in the insect tribe of invertebrate animals, for example, breathing is carried on by various tubes on either side of the body: the air is no longer inspired through the mouth, but penetrates the sides; neither does it proceed to localized organs or lungs, but is diffused through the various breathing tubes. Hence the agony and ultimate death of a wasp, when its sides are smeared with oil or syrup, an operation which occludes its breathing pores, and it becomes suffocated. Here we observe one step towards the dissemination of organs for the performance of a specific function: let us descend lower still in the scale of creation until we arrive at the polyp, where there are absolutely no specific organs, either diffused or localized, for the performance of this specific function, and hence respiration can only take place by mere general absorption from the surface or the cavities of these animal bodies.

Now one of the senses, namely, that of touch, is remarkable for its known diffusion. Every part of our bodies is subject to this sensation—we have no specific member for touch, although some parts of our body are more delicate in this respect than others. In some animals, however, this sensation is localized in a remarkable degree—a fact which naturally leads us to inquire whether in certain beings it may not be limited to some specific organ.

Next comes the question whether or not other senses may not be subject to the same variation also—whether, in short, referring to the sense now most specially under our notice, namely, the sense of sight, it may not be in some animals diffused, and require no specific apparatus for its appreciation? It is not doubted that many animals not possessing specific visual organs, without eyes in point of fact, are nevertheless sensible of the influence of the principle of light: the [illegible], for instance, one of the polypiferæ, avoids the light, and prefers shaded situations, and yet has no eyes. Other instances might be adduced. It is imagined, therefore, that such animals see with their skin, a condition which, if true, in one particular animal or class of animals, may be supposed by some lusus or freak of nature to be occasionally present in higher creatures, for instance man; this granted, we may, if charitably inclined, offer this as a rational hint to the advocate of clairvoyance and mesmerism.

Leaving these beings, which, at the remotest confines of animated nature, derive their scanty sense of luminosity from impressions so vague that they defy our attempts at explanation, let us rise upwards in the scale of creation, and remark how variously the organs of vision are formed, how modified, how elaborated! until in vertebrata they attain their very acme of perfection.

Those persons who have not been accustomed to view the wonderful disclosures of microscopic life, are but little competent to form even an idea of the myriads of living beings existing in a mere drop of water! Nay, even vegetable infusions, and most animal and vegetable liquids, teem with life! with minute beings, often highly organized, which have not been merely observed, but actually classified, and their characters and habits—nay, even their anatomy—minutely studied! We do not purpose classifying these minute creatures, but will content ourselves with the social remark, that most of them, if we are to believe the united testimony of numerous microscopical observers, are possessed of actual organs of specific vision; simple, it is true, and limited as regards power, but nevertheless as localized and as distinct as our own. The eyes of these living beings are little red or darkish spots, adapted to absorb luminous rays, and therefore capable of enabling the animal to distinguish light from darkness, but nothing more; the perception of various tinted hues, and of form and outline, must be to these little beings totally unknown. Eyes scarcely more elaborate than these are found in the leech and snail, animals which, although so much superior to those just described in point of dimensions, are nevertheless but little better provided for in regard to their power of vision.

The eyes of insects are far more elaborate, and present two perfectly distinct varieties or type—they are either simple or compound. Nature, ever bountiful, though never lavish to prodigality of her endowments, gives organs only in proportion as they may minister to the exigencies of an animal: the red eyes of polygastric animalcule, merely capable of distinguishing light from darkness, are abundantly sufficient for all the necessities of these little creatures; but for the denizens of the insect world—beings whose strength and agility are, in proportion to their size, superior to all other beings who wing their rapid flight, encompassed on all sides by ever-vigilant enemies of larger growth—another and more elaborate ocular apparatus is absolutely necessary. Their simplest eyes (for they have two kinds) are nearly as perfect as our own, consisting of cornea, lens, vitreous humor, and black pigment, which surround the other parts of the visual apparatus, except a minute portion in front, thus forming a pupil and iris—such is the simple insect eye with which some insects—for instance, the cockroach—are alone supplied. Now this eye, perfect though its optical arrangements be, is not imbedded in a movable socket like our own; therefore nature compensates for this defect by giving several of them, placed on various parts of the head. But the most wonderful arrangement consists in aggregating many of these simple eyes into one mass, thus forming a compound eye of many distinct facets, each of which takes in a separate field of vision. Some insects are entirely supplied with these compound eyes—of which the beetle is an example—whilst others possess eyes both simple and compound, for instance, the *sirex gigas*.

A microscope is not absolutely essential to enable us to see the facets of these compound insect eyes; most persons have looked upon the eye of a common dragon-fly, and seen that their own face was multiplied into a number of little images; the house-fly's eye presents the same appearance, but not so distinctly. This optical appearance depends upon the existence of several facets, each presenting itself under a different angle. By the aid of a microscope these facets have been counted, and then their number may well excite our admiration. In the ant there are fifty of these facets, or eyes; in the house-fly four thousand; in the dragon-fly *upwards of twelve thousand*; in butterflies *upwards of seventeen thousand three hundred and fifty-five* have been counted; nay, in some coleopterous or scaly-winged insects there have been numbered no less than *twenty-eight thousand and eighty-eight!*

How wonderfully constructed is the beautiful organ of insect vision! how admirably adapted to the necessities of insect life! The gaudy dragon-fly, presenting, as he does, such a conspicuous and tempting show of colors to the active swallow, eludes the feathered enemy by superior agility of flight. Mere agility, however, would avail nothing without the aid of powerful eyes; accordingly nature has given him somewhat more than twelve thousand bright and piercing ones—some looking upwards, some downwards, more backwards, and some on either side. Beautiful though they be, and admirable in their contrivance, we must leave the compound eyes of insects, and ascend the animated scale. One step upwards brings us to the *arachnidans*, including the spiders, and cheese mites, and scorpions, none of which little beings are insects, although frequently considered as such—they belong, as we have intimated, to the *arachnidans*, and differ from insects in several important particulars: firstly, their head and thorax are joined together; secondly, they possess eight legs, whereas insects have only six; thirdly, instead of antennæ, like insects, they possess terrific weapons of attack and defence—fangs like the spider, or pincers like the scorpion; fourthly, the greater number of them respire by lungs; and last, though not least, their eyes are formed on a different plan, being invariably simple, and made up of parts almost similar to our own.

Amongst the molluscous divisions of animals we have already alluded to the eyes of snails; in some other beings of this tribe, however, the visual organs present remarkable peculiarities. The cuttle-fish is an extraordinary instance of this—its eyes being entirely covered by the external integument of skin, which is transparent, it is true, and thus serves the purposes of cornea in the higher animals.

We next come to the eyes of vertebrate animals, which present all the excellent qualities that the most acute optician could desire, and which are as infinitely superior to the clumsy devices of his art as the pure light of heaven is superior to all other. One thing is particularly interesting in studying the optical devices of the eye—our most perfect optical instruments are formed after the exact principles on which have been constructed these organs: every step towards the improvement of such instruments have been the result of our copying Nature—or rather on our having followed Nature's steps—for although often plagiarists, we were not always conscious of plagiarism.

In the days of Sir Isaac Newton, it was thought by this great man that refracting telescopes would never be rendered achromatic, or capable of representing white objects without color—their improvement he pronounced hopeless. Opticians, as was natural enough, regarding the opinion of this great man as infallible, gave up the attempt, and made reflecting telescopes exclusively. Refractors, however, have since been rendered achromatic—and how?—why, by copying the mechanism of the eye. Nature suggested the means, but Newton did not take the hint.

We think the beauty of the eye will be more fully appreciated if we previously take a review of the construction and optical properties of telescopes. True, this will be a digression, but what then? we claimed a sort of poetical license in the treatment of our subject, and we will proceed to take it.

The merest tyro in optics knows that light when it passes through transparent bodies is refracted; if the refracting body be plain and of equal thickness, then will various rays of light be equally refracted; if, however, the body be not of equal thickness, whether plain or curvilinear, then other phenomena result, all explicable, however, by a consideration of two facts: firstly that of the three primitive colors of which white light is composed, each possesses a different refractive power; secondly, that a ray of light impinging on a refracting body of greater density, is refracted towards the perpendicular, and *vice versa*.

Now, if we take it for granted, that every body knows the property of a triangular prism in decomposing white light, and the reason of this property. This understood, what we are are about to remark will be intelligible enough.

As soon as it was discovered that an arrangement of different lenses in a proper manner would make an instrument capable of rendering remote objects more distinct—in other words, as soon as the discovery of the telescope was accomplished—the observers viewed with regret that the outline of such objects was fringed with an unpleasant misty burr, more or less indistinct, and tinted with numerous colors. The removal of this imperfection was a great desideratum; and amongst others the celebrated Des Cartes imposed on himself the task of accomplishing this great end. He investigated the subject mathematically, and arrived at the conclusion that all lenses which were mere segments of spheres must necessarily possess this defect, inasmuch as their curve is such that they cannot possibly concentrate every ray of light, even of one color, on the same point or focus. He therefore succeeded in determining the form of a particular set of ovals, (termed, after him, the Cartesian ovals,) out of which lenses might be cut which should be free from this injurious quality; and he succeeded to this extent—that with one particular kind of primitive light his lenses overcame the previous indistinctness of vision; with compound light, however—white light for example—the imperfection still remained.—Hence opticians no longer troubled themselves to make these Cartesian lenses; and even Newton subsequently pronounced the improvement of refracting telescopes *hopeless*.

Now the indistinct vision of which we have spoken is chiefly produced by the edges of a lens, which, in point of fact, may be regarded as prisms; consequently, the imperfection alluded to, and called spherical aberration, may in a great measure be obviated by cutting off those edges, or what amounts to the same thing, by covering them with an opaque diaphragm, as is done in the microscope and telescope. This proceeding, however, does not totally overcome the evil. Newton, who discovered that the different colors of light were possessed of different amounts of refrangibility for the same medium, was not aware that different media possessed different refractive power for the same color. Had he been aware of this fact he would not have pronounced the improvement of refractive telescopes hopeless. We will set out with the assumption that one kind of glass disperses one kind of primitive light—viz, for example, blue light—beyond the true focus; theory indicates that another kind of different glass, having a property (if such can be found) of dispersing the other two primitive colors, namely, yellow and red, beyond the focus, would counteract the imperfection. Well, this, in modern telescopes, is actually accomplished by using compound lenses made of various kinds of glass. We will, in our next paper, show how beautifully all this knowledge had been anticipated in the construction of the human eye.

Life in Sweden.

SUNDAY IN MORA.

[Frederika Bremer has just written a new book, Life in Dalecarlia, from which we make the following extract. The scene of the story, Dalecarlia, or as it is now called, Stora Kopparberg is perhaps the most interesting province in all Sweden. The new book, not yet published in this country, is said to bear a strong family likeness to Miss Bremer's other volumes. There is the same poetical conception of every-day domestic life, the same charm and fragrance thrown over the simplest household scenes.]

Whoever wishes to see a people in a state of patriarchal simplicity and innocence, such as has almost vanished from the face of the earth, must seek it in Dalecarlia. Prayer and toil have preserved its youthful strength, both of body and mind. Lowly are the dwellings of this people. The Daleman bows his neck to enter the door of his hut, but never beneath the yoke of an oppressor. This district, too, is the native soil of Swedish liberty, and has been hallowed by great events; but no monuments or tablets have preserved their memory. Even in this the simplicity of the people manifests itself. They show you a cellar, a barn, a green hill on the shores of the Elfvalsle, and say, "Here did the deliverer of Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, address the people of Mora; here he sought refuge from his persecutors; here he worked as a laborer for hire: and the noble recollections which no learned cicerone numbers up, crowd upon you from stream and mountain and valley, and look forth from the forms of the people who surround you."

The church bells were ringing for divine service, those bells far famed for the beauty and sweetness of their tone. It is a lovely spectacle which is presented by the Silian lake on a Sunday morning. The three parishes of Leksand, Rattwik and Mora encircle with their wood-crowned heights, the 'eye of Dalecarlia,' and their large white churches adorned with steeples gleam out from afar on the shores of the lake, between the blue water and the green fields. Whole fleets of long narrow boats, with nine or ten pairs of oars, and containing from forty to fifty persons, are seen rowing across the lake, from the populous villages towards the several churches. Sometimes as many as twenty are seen approaching the shore at once. The costumes of the people are pretty, and display an almost pedantic exactness in cut and arrangement. With the Leksand people the yellow color predominates, with those of Rattwik, the red, while the people of Mora exhibit most black and white. The head-dress of the women, and the linen on their necks and arms, is always of dazzling whiteness, and their round faces, clear complexions, blue laughing eyes, and white teeth, give them an expression of indestructible good humor. Among the men are often seen stately figures, with magnificent heads of hair, parted on the forehead, and clustering round the neck in thick natural ringlets, such as I have often heard of in romances, but never saw anywhere in real life, except among the peasants of Dalecarlia. The people of the different parishes are distinguished from each other, not only by a variety of costume, but even by physiognomy, character and manners; they generally unite, however, to celebrate the Sunday. The poorer then obtain from the richer the loan of clothes of a better kind than they themselves possess, in order to make a handsome appearance in the house of God, and thither does the whole household wend its way, from the old grey patriarch leaning on his crutch, to the suckling carried by the father or mother, wrapped in the finest, softest lamb's skin. Old and young usually carry in their hands bouquets of onions of a peculiar kind, much in favor in the country, and called "butter onions," with which the little ones are kept quiet during the service. Beautiful is it to see thousands of these people in their gay dresses, their forms perfect models of health and strength, streaming along the shores of the lake, and swarming in and out of the boats, and never to hear an oath or an unbecoming word, or even to see an unfriendly look. Let no one, however, imagine that they are of the idyllic shepherd and shepherdess order. They are stout valiant men, such as the descendants of the ancient Scythians ought to be. The plough and the battle-axe, which, according to the legend, fell from Heaven into the hand of their ancestor, may still serve as the symbols of their lives and characters. More endowed with understanding than with fancy, yet enthusiasts for freedom, the people of Dalecarlia are at all times ready to turn their ploughshares into swords, and they have distinguished themselves in various conflicts by energy and perseverance, not, however, unstained by cruelty. Their own life is a hard one, softened by no luxury or comfort. For them ripens no delicious fruit; but engaged in a constant struggle with a rigorous climate and an unthankful soil, they find it a hard matter to wring from it their portion of daily bread, which they often have to make partly of the bark of the birch tree. Cut off from the rest of the world in their secluded valleys, they would scarcely know of its existence but for their wanderings in search of a livelihood, and they would become torpid in heart and soul, but for the warmth of religious feeling and family affection. They bend down with tenderness to their children, and look up with humble trust to Heaven. They lean to the dogmatic side in matters of theology, and many a mystery that to the cultivated, but often erroneously educated world, appears incomprehensible, is easy to these simple but penetrating intellects. They are devoted with filial attachment to their clergy (when these are not quite too unworthy of their devotion), proud of their churches, and willing to make many sacrifices for their beautification. "I wonder that you are able to go to such an expense," said a traveller to a Daleman who was showing him the splendid new copper roof of the church of Mora. "We spend so much the less on our houses," was the modest reply of the man of Dalecarlia. And it is so in fact. The huts which these tall powerful people inhabit are poorer and smaller than those of any other district in Sweden. The family of Mora had been contemplating the boats filled with church-goers, as they neared the shore; they were in greater numbers than usual, for on this Sunday no less than ten couples were to be married in the church. The bells ring out, and the great procession began to move. First came the married men, two and two, then the bridegrooms walking singly, one after another, in blue coats, yellow leather breeches, and white stockings, each with a white scarf, wound round the arm, and finished with a tassel. After them walked the bridesmaids, all in green dresses, then the married women, mostly relatives, who were to give the brides away. Then came the brides. Of these, two were what were called crown or dressed brides, the daughters, namely, of wealthy peasants; the rest were of the humbler order of "green brides." The former were dresses of black bombazeen, with short sleeves and white ruffles, colored silk aprons, and had their heads, necks and arms gaily and profusely adorned with beads, bright colored ribbons, and silver chains, to which were suspended large quantities of medals and silver coins. On her head each of these belles bore, besides her garland, a silver-gilt crown, and a lofty branch of artificial flowers, and in her hands, which were covered with yellow gloves sewed with different colored silks, she carried a muff, to which were suspended by way of streamers, numbers of gaudy-colored handkerchiefs. Red stockings and high-heeled shoes, completed this magnificent costume, to which, of course, that of the "green brides" was inferior in the quantity of its finery, though all rejoiced alike in dangling silver chains, and both brides and bridegrooms carried a silver penny in the left stocking. The benches and aisles of the church were quite full, and among the crowd were children of all ages, who either ran up and down, or went to sleep, or were kept quieted by their mothers giving them things to eat, while the old beadle moved about looking awful at those who were inclined to nod, startling all the old women whose heads were dropping down, by poking his stick almost into their faces, but prudently passing by the strong young fellows, who appeared overcome by the same frailty.

Olof, who had a place from which he could observe Siri, saw with pleasure that she appeared animated and attentive. The beautiful hymns for which these congregations are celebrated, rose with a power and volume of tone that made the organ almost superfluous; and when from the altar she heard the words "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared to the glory that shall be revealed in us—because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption in the glorious liberty of the children of God, for we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together in pain until now;"—then Siri looked involuntarily at Olof, with sparkling, inquiring eyes, and the deep, energetic voice of the pastor was heard, thanking God that he had allowed his sun to shine, and his gospel to be preached, in the lowliest valleys as well as on the highest mountains, and the hearts of the young men and of the maiden glowed within them, and their beaming tearful eyes sought no longer each other, but the Invisible.

A BAD HABIT.

"Oh, mother! I am tired to death!" said Jane Mills as she threw herself into a chair on her return from school.

"*Tired to death!*" repeated her mother, slowly.

"Yes, mother, I am—almost, I mean," she added.

"No, my daughter, not even almost," said Mrs. Mills.

"Well, at any rate," continued Jane, "I would not walk from here to school again to-day, *for any thing in the world*."

"Oh, yes you would, my dear," said her mother, gently.

"No, mother, I am sure I would not. I am certain *nothing would tempt me*."

"But I am nearly certain you would be induced to go without any urging," answered her mother.

"Well, mother, try me, and see if any thing would make me willing to go."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Mills, "I should offer to take you with me to the new panorama this afternoon? I expect to visit it."

"Do you, mother," said Jane, with great animation. "May I go? You promised to take me when you went."

"I intended to have done so," replied her mother, "but the place where it is exhibited is a long way beyond your school."

"But I am quite rested now, dear mother," said Jane. "I would not fail of going *for all the world*. Why do you smile, mother?"

"To think what an inconsistent little daughter I have."

"What do you mean by inconsistent, mother?"

"Why, when a little girl says one minute that she would not walk a particular distance *for any thing in the world*; and the next minute says she would not fail of walking still farther *for all the world*, she not only talks inconsistently and extravagantly, but foolishly. It is a very bad habit to use such expressions. Yesterday, when you came from school, you said you were frightened out of your life, and when I inquired as to the cause of your alarm, you replied that you had *met as many as a thousand cross dogs* on your way home from school.

"Now, my daughter, I wish you to break yourself of this bad habit. When you are tired or hungry, or frightened, use the simple words that express your meaning. For instance, you may be tired—very tired—or excessively tired. Or you may be alarmed, or frightened, or terrified.

"From this time let your lips speak the thing you mean. The Bible says, 'Let your yea be yea and your nay nay;' and adds, that 'Whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.'

"Will you try to remember what I have been saying, and strive to correct this fault, my dear child," said Mrs. Mills.

"Yes, dear mother," replied Jane; "for I know it is wrong, and feel ashamed and sorry for it."

"Well, my dear," added her mother,—"Improve. And now you may get ready to go with me to see the panorama."

Personal Sketches.

D'ISRAELI:

THE AUTHOR OF "VIVIAN GRAY."

'Tis dinner-hour, and the banquet-hall is the London Tavern, Bishopsgate street, sacred to African fetes, and most un-Roman eloquence. The "tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," has reverberated through the passages, and awakened epigastric titillations usually fatal to equanimity, among those who had paid a guinea a-head for the meal, and the constitutional privilege of grumbling. Still no sign of disapproval escapes the expectant feeders. A coming something has cast its shadow before, and holds the elements of visceral rebellion in subjection. Another quarter of an hour elapses, and the extaticising aroma of Bath and Breche's renowned *cuisine* begins to wax faint from evaporised caloric, without ruffling the placidity of the guests.

What spell is it that thus eclipses the marvels of the lyre of Orpheus? 'Tis genius, surely, and of a high order, too, whose potency can induce a couple of hundred hungry cockneys to remain quiescent, with an untouched dinner growing cold before them. At length the stentorian voice of the Herculean-framed and rubicund-visaged Mr. Toastmaster Toole (the same who officiated at the great Birkenhead dinner last autumn) demands that way be made for the chairman. A cloud of portly burghers, each with a white wand in his right hand, momentarily darkens the door. A space of some three yards intervenes between this body and another of equal number and similarly appointed. Midway between the two corps is seen the lion of the night, and the procession moves toward the head of the table amidst the most vociferous cheering from all parts of the room.

And who is that young man on whom all eyes are wonderingly, inquiringly and admiringly bent? Your first glance assures you that he is a puppy of unpruned tail, and most unmistakeable claw. Yet, if you look again, you will say you never saw an eye like his light up the face of one whose views did not extend far beyond his valet and his tailor. He is dressed in the extreme of the mode, and his addiction to it does not induce him to discard a white cravat, which, though a *chef d'oeuvre* at the laundry, on the score of the snowiness of its color, looks as if it had been washed in a decoction of saffron, owing to the canary-tinted visage above, imparting its hue to the muslin folds beneath. The features are sharp and prominent, partaking not a little of the Hebraic contour; and the total absence of whisker helps to give them a sort of statuesque singularity, as the original himself would say, that stamps the whole aspect on the mind of the observer at once and forever. Now that he approaches you, you perceive that he is not so young as you took him to be at a distance.

His step, it is true, is buoyant enough; but it is less the springy elasticity of youth than the jauntiness of middle age affecting juvenility. His frame is spare to meagreness, but the attenuation is not that of a stripling—rather is it the wasting of passion, or of thought, or of both. The expression of the face in repose—and it rarely is otherwise, even while he is rioting in combustibles—is that of extreme sadness—more the sadness arising from excess than from regret, or remorse, or, still less, from disappointment; yet the arched eyebrow and the abstracted gaze, would indicate that his ruminations are not always of the earthly kind, but find a natural channel such as he ascribes to the mental current of his own Sidonia. Reader, without farther elaboration of the likeness, you perceive that I have introduced to you Mr. Benjamin D'Israeli, than whom no man at the present time fills a larger space in the public eye.

"What!" some fair pauser may exclaim, "is such your portrait of young D'Israeli—one of the handsomest men of his time, as that very accomplished judge, the Countess of Blessington, called him, according to the competent testimony of Mr. Penciller Willis!" Yes, lady, and the Countess and I are both in the right, though there are apparent discrepancies in our evidence. When her ladyship characterized the member for Shrewsbury as one of the handsomest men of his time, that time had reference to a dozen years ago; and the period that has since transpired, when added to some thirty previous years, is by no means conducive to the improvement of the personal appearance of any body of my acquaintance, especially one of a race whose Asiatic origin and temperament are proverbially inimical to the prolongation of physical superiority in our Northern latitudes.

But do not suppose, when I say that Mr. D'Israeli is not what is commonly called good looking, that I mean the reverse. He certainly takes not a little pains to disfigure himself, and to a certain extent, he undoubtedly succeeds; such, for instance, as wearing whitney-brown hats, chocolate frocks (recalling poor Goldsmith's plum-colored coats,) fawn shoes! and similar matters irreconcilable, in an artistic sense at least, with his natural complexion. Still "the mind, the music breathing from the face," and a certain classical something in the face itself, relieve it from approximation to vulgarity, and invest it with an attractiveness never found in the heroes of man-milliner perfectibility.

"Surely," says the male reader, "this cannot be the author of Coningsby, he who talks so eloquently, and writes so stirringly, of our blunt old honest manly English manners, feelings, principles, and prejudice—who contends that a restoration of the feudal usages of the middle ages is the only panacea for the heartlessness and hollowness of the present century, and whose perpetual topic is denunciation of all contemporary humbug—surely, one whose ambition is the abatement of pretenders, and the extermination of quacks, cannot himself be chargeable with a ridiculous foppery of costume, and a still more ridiculous assumption of superciliousness in his demeanor." Let us accompany him through the courses of the repast alluded to, and a tolerably accurate solution may probably be given to the query.

The occasion is the late anniversary of the Printers' Pension Society—a festival at which any literary man might be proud to preside. The bulk of the company are, of course, members of the craft—many of them, no doubt, in affluent circumstances, but still plain and unassuming in their notion of things fitting to the celebration of their yearly charity. The worthy citizens have been sorely puzzled to reconcile their chairman's leading dogma about a "Conservative democracy," with the fact of his being waited on, at such a moment and in such society, by his own Brobdignag servant, with powdered head and livery not a whit less resplendent than the mansion-house finery of the sheriff's flunkeys, who also officiated. This in any one but Mr. D'Israeli would perhaps call for no remark, as it is not entirely opposed to the usual observance, but in him it is noticeable as serving, in a small degree, to illustrate his incongruity of character, and especially his want of good taste; for there are reasons why he should not be solicitous so conspicuously to advertise his possession of such very aristocratic appurtenances as attendants in gold-laced coats and scarlet-velvet continuations.

The cloth is withdrawn, and Mr. D'Israeli rises to propose our sovereign lady the Queen. This, as well as the remaining routine toasts, he gives in the most ineffably consequential manner. If it were not that you see the thing is perfectly natural to the man—that he is quite home in the part, you would imagine he was burlesquing one of the stage lady-killers of the old dramatists—or rehearsing "Mantalini," for the private theatricals of Stowe or Belvoir Castle. He "aggravates his voice," like "Bottom's" sucking dove, lisps, haw-haws, abbreviates her Majesty's vernacular in a manner calculated to astonish professors of stenography and indescribably bewilder the hereditary lieges of Gibbs, Lord Mayor. The banquet proceeds. Mr. D'Israeli begins to cast the skin of lackadaisical tomfoolery. He proposes the sheriffs. The subject is favorable to one of those happy historical references in which he so often indulges. He tries it, speaks of our Saxon institutions, of which the office is one of the most ancient and enduring memorials. The idea is applauded to the echo—Ben swallows two or three glasses of claret and commences his next speech—the speech of the night—a totally different being from what he was at the commencement. He has ceased to be a hybrid between a dancing master and an ourangoutang, and comes forth a man. Now he is the ready speaker, the practised orator, the imposing elocutionist.

Next he exhibits the felicitous alchymy of transmuting commonplace into originality—or so happy a counterfeit that it defies detection. Now the literary elegance of his periods—their epigrammatic pungency, and their singular adaptability to the subject in hand strike you. The imagination takes wing, and the fulness of his knowledge and his evident mastery over all the stores of information necessary to his purpose assure you that his flight, however daring, will be sustained with untired vigor as long as he pleases, and that he will descend as boldly and as safely as he rose. He no longer keeps his hands in the pockets of his coat tails, and sways himself about as if he were practising tight-rope gymnastics. He uses his arms in graceful, impressive and natural gesticulation—earnest, hearty and appropriate. His voice, full, sonorous and flexible, varies with the varying emotions it embodies; and be the mood of the speaker argumentative, satirical, humorous or poetical, the organ is in harmonious union with the theme.

The subject is a eulogy of printing—with a glance at the omnipotence of the press—and an appeal in behalf of the decayed members of the divine and invaluable art. Thousands and thousands of speeches have been made on this matter before; and nothing short of unquestionable genius can render an hour's address upon it at all endurable. Yet Mr. D'Israeli speaks for an hour upon it, and you wish he would speak for three. The oratorical brilliancy of some of the passages is only equalled by the strong common sense of others, and the admirable blending of the whole to the promotion of the design for which the address is delivered. Indeed, practicability and worldly common sense are no less distinguishing traits in his speech than their bitterness and general rhetorical excellence; as witness his memorable attacks on Peel—each directed to the same point, and each opening up the old wound as unexpectedly as if he had just lighted on his victim for the first time.

As to these attacks being prepared long before hand, there is, beyond the intention on Mr. D'Israeli's part of making them, no truth whatever in the accusation. That the words or even an outline of the substance of those philippics were committed to memory, I do not for a moment credit. I have too frequently heard Mr. D'Israeli deliver what I know must have been extemporaneous speeches, to think he required time to speak the best he has spoken on the Premier's tergiversation, and the night on which I more immediately dwell in this notice furnishes me with a case in point. Among the donations to the printer's pension fund was one of £5 from Punch—and the announcement was, of course, received with great laughter and applause, more especially as the editor of that facetious periodical—viz: Mr. Mark Lemon, and several of the leading contributors, including Gilbert a' Becket, Mayhew, and others, were present.

All the world are aware that the member for Shrewsbury, both from his political inconsistencies, his Young England crotchets, and many other causes, has long been a standing butt for the arrows of *Punch's* wit. Of all conceivable topics *Punch's* health was about the last Mr. D'Israeli could have calculated on giving one moment before he proposed it. Yet propose it he did in a speech of some twenty minutes duration—teeming with the most grotesque hyperbole, and yet just, and generous, and discriminating in the main—and as polished and elaborated, apparently, in the mechanical construction, as though it had been the result of a week's cogitation. I do not pronounce this opinion as the hasty impression of the moment. I watched the speech narrowly, and with a view to test the capability of the speaker for impromptu delivery, and the conclusion I arrived at is, that he has yet made no speech—whether premeditated or not—than which he cannot make a better on the instant, provided the materials will warrant it.

One cause, however, why D'Israeli's attacks on Peel are relished with such amazing gusto in the House, may not be quite evident to the reader of the reports of these onslaughts. It consists in the inimitable mimickry by Mr. D'Israeli of the fussy pomposity of the minister—his solemn truisms, and sounding mock philosophical nothings. Ben hits off the manner, the voice, the attitude, the look, the phrase, almost the very thought of the Premier, to the life—with all requisite fidelity to the original, and with all the extravagance of a venomous caricaturist. Had Mathews made Peel the study of his life, I doubt if he could give the man with such excruciatingly laughable correctness as D'Israeli, when, for instance, he repeated on Friday night last, the minister's warning to young members to go upon railway committees instead of delivering flowery orations, and inconveniencing a government not much troubled with a conscience; and again while he described the Protean baronet as a huge middleman, cajoling one party and plundering the other, and then, when menaced with chastisement, deprecating the folly of dissension, and crying out for fixity of his own tenure of office as the grand specific for political ills known, unknown and conjectural.

The House is necessarily convulsed at these exhibitions; and what adds to the fun is—first, the desperately futile efforts of Peel to appear insensible to what is going on; and secondly, the seemingly unconsciousness of D'Israeli that he is not discharging one of the gravest and most solemn of duties, to whose performance it is necessary to bring the most decorous of visages and the most impressive intonation. In mimicking Peel he gives the bland smirk, the shallow chuckle, and the deceptive brassy-ringing laugh peculiar to the great adept in political legerdemain. He puffs and swells, and throws back his waistcoat, and makes believe to play with large watch seals at his fob, and put on airs of sincerity, and airs of indignation, and airs of reprobation, and all the other airs peculiar to the seven-pence-in-the-pound savior of the nation; and all this is done in such a manner that explosive laughter on the part of the spectator is indispensable, to prevent internal suffocation.

But Mr. D'Israeli never participates ostensibly in the merriment he creates. Like Swift and other eminent humorists, he never laughs at his own jokes; and indeed he delivers them as if they were moral maxims, rather than incentives to uproarious and irrepressible risibility. His only betrayal that he knows he has said a good or telling thing is—his rising on the point of his toes, and dropping suddenly on his heels; and when the cheering and laughter are prolonged for some time, as happens to be the case whenever he addresses the House, he goes on thus heeling and toeing it, as if he wanted to find out how Dumilatre or Duvernay acquires her aplomb.

It was in 1835 I believe, that Mr. D'Israeli made the most stupendously preposterous parliamentary debut on record, and all that was wanting to complete the matchless silliness of the display itself was furnished by the concluding sentence of the maiden address,—"The time will come when you shall hear me." The comparison the prediction provoked with the well known one of Sheridan, at the same period of his political career—"It is in me, and by —— it shall come out,"—occurred to most people, and to the disadvantage of D'Israeli. Yet it will hardly be construed that the prophecy was more literally realized in the one case, all circumstances considered, than it has been and promises to be in the other.

If he has not Burkes and Foxes, and Warren Hastingses and Pitts for contemporary colleagues and antagonists, Mr. D'Israeli does the most with those he has got, and makes an empire momentarily forget the income tax in laughing at the man who imposed it. This is a feat Sheridan would have despised to accomplish; and he never would have attempted that or any thing of the kind, had he entered the public ring like Mr. D'Israeli, with the wrecks of reputation of all a public man holds dear hanging about him.

Will D'Israeli ever be any thing more than a clever talker—an able prater? The question is a curious one, and in the extreme dearth of ability in public men, becomes an important one.

The present total break up of party in the state, preparatory, it is to be hoped, to its fusion into its old constitutional elements of a strong ministry and strong opposition, is peculiarly favorable to the realization of the great expectations originally formed of him, and of the attainment of which he is quite capable, if he would only a little more uniformly consult what is due to himself and the requirements of one possessed of his ambition.

THE GRECIAN LYRE.

A coxcomb once in Handel's parlor found
A Grecian lyre, and tried to make it sound;
O'er the fine stops his awkward fist he flings,
And rudely presses on the elastic strings.
Awakened discord shrieks, and scolds and raves,
Wild as the dissonance of winds and waves,
Loud as a wapping mob at midnight balls,
Harsh as ten thousand chariots rolling round St. Pauls;
And harsher far than all the ecstatic race,
Whose drunken orgies stun the wilds of Thrace.
"Friend," quoth the sage, "that fine machine contains
Exacter number and diviner strains;
Strains, such as once could build the Theban wall,
Or stop the mountain torrent in its fall."
He said, and o'er the trembling wire
Spread his light hand and touched the lyre;
Quick to his touch the lyre began to glow,
The air to kindle and the notes to flow.
Sweet as the warbles of the vocal wood,
Deep as the murmurs of the falling flood
The listening passions hear, and catch the rise,
As the rich harmony swells or dies;
The pulse of avarice forgets to move,
And purer rapture fills the breast of love.

Life has its ease, amusement, joy and fire
Hid in itself, as music in the lyre;
And like the lyre will all its powers impart,
When touched and managed by the hand of art.
But half mankind, like Handel's fool destroy,
Through rage and ignorance the strain of joy.
Irregularly wild their passions roll,
Through nature's finest instrument, the soul;
While men of sense, with Handel's happier skill,
Correct their taste and harmonize their will,
And teach their affections, like his notes to flow,
Not raised too high, nor ever sunk too low;
Till each, in kindred sound shall pour along
Th' according music of the moral song.

Boston Recorder.

The Olio.

THE BITER BIT.

The sun is in the sky, mother, the flowers are springing fair;
And the melody of woodland birds is stirring in the air;
The river, smiling to the sky, glides onward to the sea,
And happiness is every where, oh, mother, but with me!

They are going to the church, mother—I hear the marriage bell;
It rises o'er the upland, it haunts me like a knell;
He leads her on his arm, mother, he cheers her faltering step,
And she clings closely to his side, she does, the [illegible]!

They are crossing by the stile, mother, where we so oft have stood—
The stile beside the thorn at the corner of the wood;
The boughs, that oft have echoed back the words that won my ear,
Now bend their blossoms o'er him as he leads his bridal fare.

He will pass beside the stream, mother, where first my hand he pressed,
By the meadow where, with quivering lip, his passion he confessed;
And down the hedgerows where we've strayed again and yet again;
Yet he will not think of me, mother, his broken hearted Jane!

He said that I was proud, mother—he said I looked for gold;
He said I did not love him—that my words were few and cold;
He said I kept him off and on, in hopes of higher game—
And it may be that I did, mother—but who hasn't done the same?

I did not know my heart, mother—I know it now too late;
I thought that I without a pang could wed some nobler mate;
But no nobler suitor sought me, and has gone elsewhere,
And my heart is gone, and I am left to wither and despair.

You may lay me in my bed, mother, my head is throbbing sore;
And mother, prithee let the sheets be duly aired before;
And, if you would do pleasure to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother, and, mother, draw it mild!

☞ With all their long essays about Water Works, the Boston editors occasionally introduce a good thing. For example, the Courier gives the examination of a candidate for Water Commissioner, from which we extract a few questions and answers:

Q. How many straddling-bugs to the bucket-full does the water of Long Pond contain?

A. Just enough to make it a lively drink.

Q. What do you think of the tadpoles in Mother Brook?

A. That they may turn to croakers in time.

Q. What animalcule are to be discovered in the water of the Boston wells?

A. Chiefly dead cats.

Q. Are they numerous?

A. Almost as numerous as the pamphlets on the water question.

Q. What proportion of cat would a chemical analysis of the Boston water exhibit?

A. I cannot say; but it is estimated that their united tails would reach the length of the proposed aqueduct.

Q. What is your definition of "hard-drinking?"

A. Sitting on a rock and swallowing cold water.

Q. What corporation bids the fairest to bring a certain and constant supply of water into the city.

A. The corporation of milkmen.

☞ Two gentlemen the other day, at a public table, got into a vehement dispute upon a subject of which it was quite evident both were profoundly ignorant. A big bull-dog, which had been quietly sleeping on the hearth, was aroused by their violence, and began barking furiously. An old gentleman, who had been quietly sipping his wine while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you brute. You know no more about it than they do." The laugh of the whole table was turned immediately upon the noisy brawlers.

☞ The English papers, to afford some idea of the prodigious size of the Earl of Rose' telescope, state that "the Dean of Ely walked through the tube of it with his umbrella up." This fact gives about as good a description of the height of the Dean of Ely as it does of the diameter of the tube.

Query. How tall is the Dean of Ely? and how high did he hold his umbrella over his head? Science is deeply concerned in the answer to these interrogatories.

THE FASTEST YET.—We heard last evening of a steamboat, built by a Yankee of course, which run so fast that when she burst her boilers, a short time since, the passengers were all preserved by her *running from under them* before they could be injured by the scalding steam! That is the "quickest on record," decidedly.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVANGELIST.

PRAYER DURING THE CONFLICT.

From the German of Korner.

BY W. B. CHRISTOPHER.

Father, I call to thee!
Fiercely the battle storm rages around me!
Flashes the lightning! Darkness surrounds me!
Ruler of battles, I call to thee!
Father, deliver me!

Father, deliver me!
Room in my pathway, lead me to conquest—
Shroud me in sorrow, lead me to death:
Lord as thou wilt, yet oh, lead thou me!
Lord, I acknowledge thee!

Lord, I acknowledge thee
Voice of Thy Spirit, autumn leaves shaking—
Burst of thy power, battle-cloud breaking!
Fountain of mercy, I bow to thee!
Father, oh, bless thou me!

Father, oh bless thou me!
Thine is my spirit, anguished and riven—
Guard it on earth; oh, guide it to heaven!
Living or dying, oh bless thou me!
Father, I worship thee!

Father, I worship thee:
Fight in thy name, though countless the legions
Assailing me dense, from dark spirit regions—
Vanquished or vanquishing, praise to thee!
Father, I look to thee!

Father, I look to thee!
Hear me, my God! when death shall surprise me,
Steal o'er my soul, with dew-damp baptize me—
Fearful that hour! oh rescue me—
Father, I call to thee!

MARRIAGE RITE.

FROM MONTGOMERY'S POEMS.

Young, chaste, and lovely—pleas'd, yet half afraid,
Before yon altar droops a plighted maid,
Clad in her bridal robes of rainbow white;
Dumb with the scene and dazzled with delight;—
Around her hymeneal guardians stand,
Each with devoted look and feeling bland;
And oft she turns her soul-expressing eye,
Dimm'd with a tear for happiness gone by!
Then coyly views, in youth's commanding pride,
Her own adored one kneeling by her side,
Like lilies bending from the noon-tide blaze,
Her bashful eye-lids droop beneath his gaze;
While love and honor blend their blissful power,
And shed a halo round his marriage hour.
What though the chance-abounding life ordain
A path of anguish and precarious pain;
By want or wo, where'er compell'd to rove,
A cot's a palace by the light of love!
There beats one heart, which unto death will be
A fountain-source of fondest sympathy:
One frownless eye to kindle with his own,
One changeless friend, when other friends are flown:
Oh! sanction Thou the late united pair,
Author of Love! for thou art present there.

WESTERN ORATORY.—"Feller Citizens and Hoosiers—Hurra! there's a prospect of war. Skunk Holler is in arms and on its feet, and the earthquake shout, bustin' from 16,000,000 of greased lungs, is reverberated over all this tall land. Mean, sneakin', toad huggin', snake crawlin', sweet-scented [illegible], barbarous, David Crockett killin' Mexico has dared to show her cat teeth, to the brave, snorting lightnin' defyin' and death swallerin' Uncle Sam. (Shouts.) Methinks, and oh, hoss, I spy the spirits of '76, gathered of liberty, starin' on its turkey's wings around you! ('What?' says one, looking up.) You great hoss, I'm speakin' in a figger. I see them flappin' their shinnin pinions and pipin' the affectin' war cry of Yankey Doodle! (Crowd, Yankey Doodle! Cock-a-doodle-doo!) Bring out the Long Tom of Bunker Hill, and the thousand pounder of New Orleans! Let them roar till they crack the welkin', set the clouds on fire and knock the poles over. The wrath swung cleaver of Uncle Sam shall split the numbscull of Sandy Hannah in a handy manner, and Skunk Holler will bung up the daylights of his country! Let us dig a hole with the pick axe of vengeance, scream the Mexicans into it and sink 'em into Chany! What is the skunk that don't ecky them sentiments? He aint no war, nor ever was! (Three cheers and a whistle.) The country's safe! (Shout.) It's great but it's safe! (Shout.) I believe I'll take a drink."

☞ "Mr. ——, the Deputy Marshal, is a much better educated man than I took him to be. I have been agreeably disappointed to find him so intelligent," said one citizen to another yesterday—little thinking that but two days previously the person whom he was addressing had been arrested by the aforesaid accomplished marshal on the *suspicion* of debt. "Intelligent! did you say?" he asked; "oh, very—very—he *took* me altogether by surprise the first time I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, which was only two days since."

☞ A man "out West" hearing that "post office balances" were to be adjusted at Washington on a particular day, wrote to the Postmaster General, informing him that J—— F——, the postmaster, who had absquatulated from his town and gone to Texas, was in his debt $150, being the balance of an account for work done for the post office. He begged of him to adjust it with the other balances.

EMPLOYING THE TIME.—The force of habit was remarkably exemplified recently in Kentucky, on the occasion of a funeral. The bereaved wife and a few neighbors, sat waiting the arrival of the people, all solemnly idle. The widow, becoming very uneasy, after sitting idle a few minutes, cried out, "Betty! bring me my knitting, *I may as well take a few stitches while the crowd is gathering*."

☞ A little boy, just returned from a long visit, was asked by his mother how he enjoyed himself. He answered, with boyish simplicity, that he liked his visit very well, but he wouldn't—that's what he wouldn't—never ride home between cousin George and Sarah again, for they kept hugging and kissing each other so much that they squeezed him all the time, and almost spoiled his new hat.

SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA
FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD, OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM.

IMPROVEMENT IN WHATEVER REGARDS the happiness and welfare of our race is constantly on the march to perfection, and with each succeeding day some new problem is solved, or some profound secret revealed, having an important and direct bearing over man's highest destinies. If we take a retrospective view over the past twenty years, how is the mind struck with wonder! What rapid strides has science made in every department of civilized life! particularly in that which relates to the knowledge of the human system in health and disease. How valuable and indispensable are the curative means recently discovered through the agency of chemistry! How does the imagination kindle and our admiration glow at the ingenuity, the near approach to the standard of perfection, of the present time! Through the elaborate investigations of Physiology, or the science of Life, and the Pathology of prevalent diseases, much valuable practical knowledge has been gained. In consequence of becoming acquainted with the organization, the elements of the various tissues and structures of the system, remedies have been sought out and discovered exactly adapted to combine with, neutralize and expel morbific matter, the cause of disease, and substitute healthy action in its place. The beautiful simplicity of this mode of treatment is not only suggested by the pathology of disease, not only grateful to the sufferer, but perfectly in consonance with the operations of Nature, and satisfactory to the views and reasonings of every intelligent, reflecting mind. It is thus that SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA, a scientific combination of essential principles of the most valuable vegetable substances, operates upon the system. The Sarsaparilla is combined with the most effectual aids, the most salutary productions, the most potent simples of the vegetable kingdom; and its unprecedented success in the restoration to health of those who had long pined under the most distressing chronic maladies, has given it an exalted character, furnishing as it does evidence of its own intrinsic value, and recommending it to the afflicted in terms the afflicted only can know. It has long been a most important desideratum in the practice of medicine to obtain a remedy similar to this—one that would act on the liver, stomach and bowels with all the precision and potency of mineral preparations, yet without any of their deleterious effects upon the vital powers of the system.

The attention of the reader is respectfully called to the following certificates. However great achievements have heretofore been made by the use of this invaluable medicine, yet daily experience shows results still more remarkable.

New York, July 25, 1844.

MESSRS. SANDS—Gents—I consider it but an act of justice to you to state the following facts in reference to the great benefit I have received in the cure of an obstinate CANCEROUS ULCER on my breast.

I was attended eighteen months by a regular and skilful physician, assisted by the advice and counsel of one of our most able and experienced surgeons, without the least benefit whatever. All the various methods of treating cancer were resorted to; for five weeks in succession my breast was burned with caustic three times a day, and for six it was daily syringed with a weak solution of nitric acid, and the cavity or internal ulcer was so large that it held over an ounce of the solution. The doctor probed the ulcer and examined the bone, and said the disease was advancing rapidly to the lungs, and if I did not get speedy relief by medicine or an operation, the result would be fatal. I was advised to have the breast laid open and the bone examined, but finding no relief from what had been done, and feeling I was rapidly getting worse, I almost despaired of recovery, considered my case nearly hopeless.

Seeing various testimonials and certificates of cures by the use of "SANDS' SARSAPARILLA," in cases similar to my own, I concluded to try a few bottles, several of which were used, but from the long deep seated character of my disease, produced no very decided change; considering this as the only probable cure for my case, I persevered, until the disease was entirely cured. It is now over 11 months since the cure was completed; there is not the slightest appearance of a return. I, *therefore, pronounce myself* WELL, and the cure *entirely effected* by "SANDS' SARSAPARILLA," *as I took no other medicine of any kind during the time I was using it, nor have I taken any since.* Please excuse this long deferred acknowledgment, which I think it my duty to make. Your valuable Sarsaparilla cured me, with the blessing of Divine Providence, when nothing else could, and I feel myself under lasting obligations to you. I can say many things I cannot write, and I do most respectfully invite ladies afflicted as I have been to call upon me and I will satisfy them fully of the truth as stated above, and many other things in reference to the case.

NANCY J. MILLER, 218 Sullivan st.

The following letter from one of the most eminent physicians in the city of Baltimore, is presented with a view of showing the opinions of physicians generally in relation to this valuable medicine,—many others of a similar tenor have been received from several of the most distinguished physicians throughout our country.

Baltimore, Feb. 4th, 1843.

A. B. & D. SANDS.—Gentlemen—I have used your Extract of Sarsaparilla since its introduction into this city. It gives me pleasure to state I have found it to answer my most sanguine expectations. I believe it to be the best preparation of that valuable article now in use.

With much respect, yours,

JOHN WHITRIDGE, M. D., 46 Gay st.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of agents gratis. (my 3-3m

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☞ TRUTH UNDENIABLE.—Philadelphia, October 10th, 1844.—About the 1st of September I was attacked with Billious Fever, which left me in a miserable state of health, with great debility of the lungs, a deep seated cough, tightness and oppression, violent pain in the breast, fevers, &c.; in short I was in a rapid decline, losing my appetite and rest, and wasting in flesh rapidly. I used various remedies with no benefit, and finally was advised to try THOMSON'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF TAR AND WOOD NAPHTHA, and incredible as it may seem, by the time I had taken only two-thirds of a bottle, the disease was subdued, and I was completely cured. For further information apply to

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Prepared only by Dr. Swayne, whose office is now removed to N. W. corner of Eighth and Race sts., Philada.

☞ NOTICE.—Persons will please call on any of my agents, or at my office in Philadelphia, and get a small pamphlet, which gives a short treatise on pulmonary affections, with a number of testimonials of its virtues. It is well worth reading, and may be had gratis.

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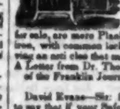

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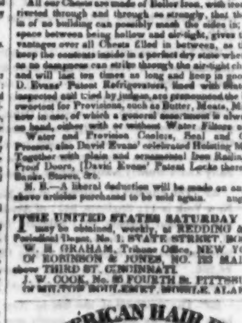
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